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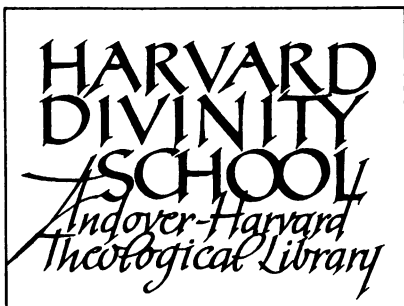
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**Rev. Charles Hutchins**

OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

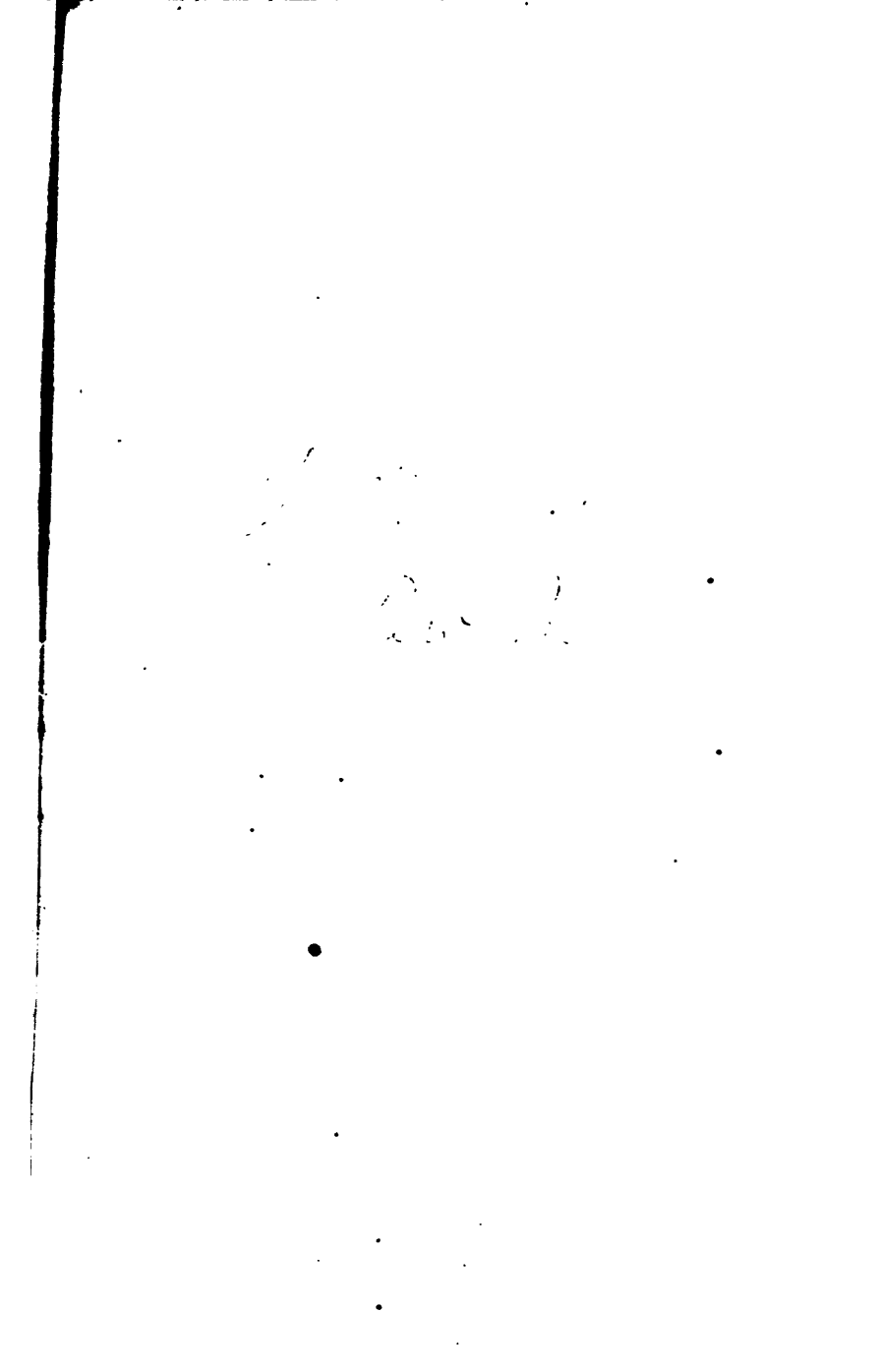
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# Songs of the Unity;

A SELECTION OF

LYRICS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP,

WITH

TUNES FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE.

*Hepworth, George, 1859.*

---

BOSTON:

SHEPARD, CLARK AND BROWN.

1859.

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## Preface.

THIS Book of Songs has been made for the use of the CHURCH OF THE UNITY in Boston.

The word *Songs* has been taken in preference to *Hymns*, the conventional designation of such collections, for the obvious reason that the chosen term is generic, while the other is specific. We had already noticed that the title *Hymn Book* was a misnomer for most collections of poetry for lyrical worship; and after a careful revision of our own selection, we saw how inappropriate the term *hymn* (a song of adoration) would be to such a large portion as referred to Christ and his mission, and to the outward and inward life.

We felt constrained to discard much that is usually found in hymn books, as either not needful or unable to stand the test of poetical criticism; and because of the designation we have adopted, we have felt at liberty to take a freer scope in our choice, and to examine the great body of English poetry. At the same time we deemed a small selection, carefully made, to be much better than a larger concourse of promiscuous worth.

## PREFACE.

We have also, in every possible instance, taken the songs from the original text of the author. No change has been made, except when it was necessary to give the proper cadence for singing, and in a few instances to make a local allusion general.

We hold ourselves responsible for some new versions of The Psalms, in which we have disregarded rhyme, and simply endeavored to fit the original words of Scripture to established metres. We found that the slightest change usually effected it, and could but remark how the constraints of rhyme had forced the authors of previous versions to alter language that was most fit, to add what was superfluous, and, in some cases, to change a grand rhapsody to a ludicrous paraphrase.

A number of tunes, the best adapted for congregational use, will be found at the close of the volume; and they have been selected and arranged under the direction of Mr. B. F. BAKER.

GEORGE H. HEFORTH,  
JUSTIN WINSOR.

*November 1, 1859.*

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# Songs of the Unity.

---

## OPENING WORSHIP.

11s M.

1.

One God.

THE word, it is written,  
One God is above ;  
The rock, it is smitten  
By the prophets of love.

One God, who would rather  
Allure than inthrall ;  
A God, who is Father ;  
A heaven for all.

W.

A

(1)

**The Sovereign Jehovah.**

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people ; we his care ;  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heaven our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

WATTS.

**To Prayer.**

To prayer, to prayer! — for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;  
His light is on all below and above,  
The light of gladness, and life, and love:  
O, then, on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer! — for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquilly on with its solemn rest;  
It speaks of creation's early bloom, —  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb:  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength  
To join Christ's holy band at length;  
To him who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,  
To him thy heart and thy hours be given,  
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

H. WARE.

### The Call.

Nor always as the whirlwind's rush  
On Horeb's mount of fear,  
Nor always as the burning bush  
To Midian's shepherd seer,  
Nor as the awful voice which came  
To Israel's prophet bards,  
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
Nor gifts of fearful words, —

Not always thus, with outward sign  
Of fire, or voice from heaven,  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God, is given !  
Awaking in the human heart  
Love for the true and right,  
Zeal for the Christian's better part,  
Strength for the Christian's fight.

O, then, if gleams of truth and light  
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
Unfolding to thy mental sight  
The wants of human kind ;  
If brooding over human grief,  
The earnest wish is known  
To soothe and gladden with relief  
An anguish not thine own ;

Though heralded with nought of fear,  
Or outward sign or show ;  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whispers soft and low ;  
Though dropping as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,  
Thy Father's call of love !

WHITTIER.



*The Lord is arisen!*

THE Lord is arisen !  
Hail, mortals, the day !  
There's glory in heaven,  
There's glory for aye.

There's dawn to the eastward,  
And the clouds of the night  
Are alive with the burning  
And glory of light !

W.

God calling yet!

God calling yet! and I not yet arising;  
So long his loving, faithful voice despising;  
So falsely his unwearied care repaying;  
He calls me still, and still I am delaying.

God calling yet! loud at my door is knocking,  
And I my heart, my ear, still firmer locking;  
He still is ready, willing to receive me —  
Is waiting now, but ah! he soon may leave me.

Ah! yield him all — all to his care confiding;  
Where but with him are rest and peace abiding?  
Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds asunder,  
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder.

God calling yet! I can no longer tarry,  
Nor to my God a heart divided carry;  
Now, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken;  
Sweeter than all, the voice of God has spoken.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.  
(GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.)

## Invitation.

COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come ;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;  
He makes that house his home.  
Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.

Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love ;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb.  
Your lips forget to move.  
Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown  
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all,  
Who seest the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call,—  
Up to thy dwelling place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.

E. TAYLOR.

**The Soul's Beauty unfading.**

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas! must die.

Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave,  
And color charms the eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou, alas! must die.

Sweet spring! of days and roses made,  
Whose charms for beauty vie,  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade;  
Thou, too, alas! must die.

Only a sweet and holy soul  
Hath tints that never fly;  
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,  
This lives, and cannot die.

HERBERT, (altered.)

Prayer and Action.

O, NOT alone on the mount of prayer  
Must the Christian serve his God ;  
But the burden of daily life must bear,  
And tread where his Saviour trod.

But with him through every changing scene  
Doth the spirit of prayer abide ;  
When earth is lovely, and heaven serene,  
That spirit his course shall guide.

And when the storm rages, and woe and wrath  
Would an earth-born courage quell,  
He knows that his God surveys his path,  
And ordereth all things well.

BULFINCH.

"He was there alone."

He was there alone, when even  
Had round earth its mantle thrown,  
Holding intercourse with heaven :  
He was there alone.

There his inmost heart's emotion  
Made he to his Father known ;  
In the spirit of devotion  
Musing there alone.

So let us, from earth retiring,  
Seek our God and Father's throne ;  
And, to other scenes aspiring,  
Train our hearts, alone.

BOWRING.

## THE PSALMS.

*The Lord is my Shepherd.*

THE Lord is my shepherd ; I never shall want ;  
Amid the green pastures he maketh me lie ;  
He leadeth beside the still waters of life ;  
In the paths of the righteous leadeth he me.

Tho' I walk through the vale of the shadow of Death,  
Yet fear I no evil, for thou art with me ;  
Thou comfortest me with thy staff and thy rod ;  
Preparest my table in the sight of my foes.

My cup overfloweth ; thou anointest with oil ;  
Thy goodness and mercy shall follow me still ;  
And blessing his name all the days of my life,  
Forever I dwell in the house of the Lord.

PSALM XXIII.

**Bless the Lord.**

O, I will bless the Lord for aye ;  
His praise shall be upon my lips ;  
My soul shall make her boast in him ;  
The humble, hearing, shall be glad.

O, magnify the Lord with me,  
And let us all exalt his name ;  
I sought the Lord, and he that heard  
Delivered me from all my fears.

His eyes are on the righteous ones,  
His ears are open to their cry ;  
The righteous cry, and he shall hear,  
And lead them out of all their woes.

The Lord redeemeth all his souls ;  
The contrite spirit doth he save ;  
And none of them that trust in him  
Shall evermore be desolate.

**PSALM XXXIV.**

**Hear my Prayer, O Lord!**

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, my God!  
Let my cry come unto thee;  
Hide not from me in my woe;  
In my trouble answer me.

For my days they are like smoke;  
Like a hearth my bones are burned;  
Smitten is my heart, O God!  
Withered is my heart like grass.

With my drink I mingle tears;  
Like a shadow are my days;  
Enemies reproach me sore;  
Sworn against me are they all.

Thou shalt rise, and mercy have,  
For our Zion's time is come;  
Thou, O Lord, shalt build her up;  
Zion shall be builded up!

Thou shalt hear the prisoner's groan,  
Those to death appointed, loose,  
When thy people gather near,  
And the kingdoms serve the Lord!

PSALM CII.

How great art thou!

O LORD, my God, how great art thou!  
With honor clothed and majesty;  
Thou coverest thyself with light,  
And like a curtain stretchest heaven.

Thou mak'st a chariot of the clouds,  
And walk'st upon the wingèd wind;  
Thy angels are a spirit throng,  
Thy ministers a flaming fire.

How manifold, O Lord, thy works!  
In wisdom hast thou made them all;  
The earth is full of thy rich store,  
And the great sea, where go the ships.

Thy creatures wait upon thee, Lord;  
Thou giv'st, and we are filled with good;  
Thou hidest, Lord, thy face from us,  
And we are troubled, and must die.

O, I will sing unto the Lord!  
My meditations shall be sweet;  
Yea, in the Lord will I be glad,  
And O, my soul, bless thou the Lord!

PSALM CIV.

**Lord, unto thee I cry!**

**LORD, unto thee I cry ;  
Lord, unto me make haste ;  
Give ear unto my voice, O God,  
When unto thee I cry.**

**O, let my prayer arise,  
As incense unto thee ;  
And as an evening sacrificè,  
My lifting up of hands.**

**Set thou a constant watch  
Before my froward mouth ;  
And of thy servant's guilty lips  
Keep thou, O Lord, the door.**

**To any evil thing  
Incline not thou my heart,  
To practise wicked works with men  
That work iniquity.**

**Mine eyes are unto thee ;  
In thee is all my trust ;  
Let not my soul be destitute,  
But keep me from all snares.**

**PSALM CXLI.**

*Invocation.*

HEAR thou my cry, O God ;  
Attend unto my prayer ;  
From all the ends of earth I cry ;  
My heart is overwhelmed.

O, lead me to the rock  
That higher is than I,  
For thou hast been a help to me,  
A shelter from my foes.

I will, O God, abide  
Forever in thy place,  
Will trust the covert of thy wings,  
For thou hast heard my vows.

Thou giv'st the heritage  
Of those that fear thy name ;  
So will I sing unto thy name,  
And give forever praise.

PSALM LXI.

I will lift up mine eyes.

I LIFT mine eyes unto the hills  
Whence cometh all my help ;  
My help, it cometh from the Lord,  
Who made the heavens and earth.

He slumbereth not that keepeth thee,  
And neither doth he sleep ;  
The Lord, he is thy keeper sure,  
The shade on thy right hand.

The sun by day shall smite thee not,  
Nor yet the moon by night ;  
From evil shall he keep thee free ;  
He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord preserveth all his own,  
O, holy be his name !  
Their going out and coming in,  
Even forevermore.

PSALM CXXI.

## Bless the Lord.

O, BLESS the Lord, my soul ;  
O, bless him without end ;  
And all that is within me, bless  
His great and holy name !  
Forget not all his care,  
Who healeth thy disease,  
Forgiveth thine iniquities,  
And crowneth thee with love !

His judgments, they are right  
For all that are oppressed ;  
A merciful and gracious Lord,  
And slow to anger, he !  
Like as a father kind  
That pitieth his child,  
The Lord doth pity them that fear,  
Remembering we are dust.

For man is as a flower  
Which passeth with the wind ;  
No place thereof shall know it more ;  
His days are as the grass.  
The mercy of the Lord  
From everlasting is ;  
And unto children's children doth  
His righteousness endure.

To such as keep his law,  
Remembering his command,  
He hath prepared his throne on high,  
Whose kingdom ruleth all.  
O, bless the Lord, ye hosts,  
Ye ministers of his,  
And all that do his pleasure, bless  
His great and holy name.

PSALM CIII.

**God's Praise and Dominion.**

EARTH is the Lord's and all thereof,  
The world and they that dwell therein;  
He founded it upon the seas,  
Established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend unto his throne?  
Who stand within his holy place?  
O, he whose heart and soul are pure,  
Uplifted not to vanity.

Lift up your heads, O all ye gates!  
The King of glory shall come in!  
The King of glory is the Lord!  
The Lord of hosts in battle strong!

PSALM XXIV.

**Praise ye the Lord!**

PRAISE ye the Lord ! Praise ye the Lord !  
O, praise him in the heights of heaven !  
And, all his angels, praise ye him,  
Yea, praise ye him, O all ye hosts !

O, praise the Lord, ye sun and moon !  
And praise him, all ye stars of light ;  
Ye heavens of heavens, O, praise his name,  
For he commanded, and ye were !

O, praise the Lord from all the earth !  
The stormy wind fulfils his word !  
Praise him, ye mountains and ye trees,  
Ye beasts, and ye that creep and fly !

Ye kings of earth, and all your tribes !  
And all ye saints, O, praise the Lord,  
Whose name alone is excellent,  
Whose glory is above the heavens !

PSALM CXLVIII.

**A Psalm of Praise.**

I WILL extol thee, O my God, O King,  
And I will bless thy name forevermore !  
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised ;  
Ay, and his greatness is unsearchable !

O, I will sing of all thy wondrous works,  
And generations shall declare thy acts ;  
The Lord is gracious, and to anger slow ;  
His tender mercies are o'er all his works.

The Lord is good, upholdeth all that fall,  
And in due season giveth them their meat ;  
The Lord is righteous, holy in his works,  
And nigh to all that call on him in truth.

And all that love thee, thou preservest, Lord ;  
If thou but hear'st their cry, thou savest them ;  
My mouth shall speak the praises of the Lord ;  
All flesh shall bless his holy name for aye.

PSALM CXLV.

Praise the Lord.

O, MAKE a noise unto the Lord,  
And, all ye lands, adore him ;  
With singing come before his throne,  
And serve the Lord with gladness.

O, know ye that the Lord is God,  
And he it is that made us,  
Not we ourselves ; his people we,  
The sheep within his pasture !

O, come unto his courts with praise,  
And enter with thanksgiving ;  
Be thankful all, and bless his name ;  
For the Lord is good forever.

PSALM C.

## PRAYERS.

*Watches of the Night and Day.*

FATHER, the watches of the night are o'er ;  
To light and life the soul has risen once more ;  
Blessèd be thou, who through the helpless hours  
Hast kept in deepest peace her slumbering powers.

Father, the watches of the day are near :  
More than from those of night have we to fear ;  
By rude cares troubled, and by woes oppressed,  
Through the day-watches, Father, give us rest.

ANONYMOUS.

**Invocation.**

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace!  
We invoke thy quickening power;  
Reign the spirit of this place,  
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light!  
We invoke thy kindling ray;  
Dawn upon our spirits' night,  
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart  
Hope all other hopes above;  
Stir the dull and hardened heart  
With a longing and a love.

Give the struggling peace for strife,  
Give the doubting light for gloom,  
Speed the living into life,  
Warn the dying of their doom.

Work in all; in all renew,  
Day by day, the life divine;  
All our wills to thee subdue,  
All our hearts to thee incline.

F. H. HEDGE.

## Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled,  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled !

Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;  
To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.

When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart shall rest on thee.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

The Universal Prayer.

FATHER of all, in every age,  
In every clime, adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!—

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this — that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;—

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
That more than heaven pursue.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

This day be bread and peace my lot :  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;  
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all being raise !  
All nature's incense rise !

POPE.

**Worship acceptable.**

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue —

Not now on Zion's height alone  
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well, —

From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,  
To thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

PIERPONT.

*Invocation.*

O God, whose presence glows in all  
Within, around us, and above,  
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,  
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.

That truth be with the heart believed  
Of all who seek this sacred place ;  
With power proclaimed, in peace received —  
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,  
To keep us meek, and make us free,  
And throw its binding blessing more  
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side —  
Send in its calm upon the breast ;  
For we would know no other guide,  
And we can need no other rest.

FROTHINGHAM.

*The Altar's Shade.*

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek thy shelter here:  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain;  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

HEBER.

**Truly Praise.**

LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
Hear the praises of our race,  
And, while hearing, let thy grace  
    Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;  
While we know, benignant King,  
That the praises which we bring  
Are a worthless offering  
    Till thy blessing makes it more.

More of truth, and more of might,  
More of love, and more of light,  
More of reason, and of right,  
    From thy pardoning grace be given !  
It can make the humblest song  
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,  
As the strains the angels' throng  
    Pour around the throne of heaven.

BOWRING.

**Solemn Invocation.**

COME, thou almighty King!  
Help us thy name to sing;  
Help us to praise!  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days!

Come, thou all-gracious Lord!  
By heaven and earth adored,  
Our prayer attend!  
Come, and thy children bless;  
Give thy good word success;  
Make thine own holiness  
On us descend!

Never from us depart;  
Rule thou in every heart,  
Hence, evermore!  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

ANONYMOUS.

**To the One God.**

ANCIENT OF AGES! humbly bent before thee,  
Songs of glad homage, Lord, to thee we bring:  
Touched by thy spirit, O, teach us to adore thee,  
Sole God and Father, everlasting King;  
Let thy light attend us,  
Let thy grace befriend us!  
Eternal, unrivalled, all-directing King!

Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations;  
Through the wide universe thy name be known;  
Millions of voices shall join in adorations—  
Join to adore thee, undivided One!  
Every soul invited,  
Every voice united—  
United to praise thee, undivided One!

BOWRING.

*Invocation.*

O THOU, who hast at thy command  
The hearts of all men in thy hand !  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'er all may we victorious be  
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to thee,  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

MRS. COTTEBILL.

*Invocation.*

GREAT God, my Father and my Friend,  
On whom I cast my constant care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
To thee I raise my humble prayer.

Endue me with a holy fear;  
The frailty of my heart reveal;  
Sin and its snares are always near;  
Thee may I always nearer feel.

O that to thee my constant mind  
May with a steady flame aspire;  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And check the rise of wrong desire!

O that my watchful soul may fly  
The first-perceived approach of sin,  
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,  
And feel thy fear control within!

EXETER COLL.

**For Divine Strength.**

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;  
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth thro' doubt and sorrow,  
And thou hast made each step an onward one ;  
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow ;  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,  
Or we despair, O, may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;  
Now make us strong — we need thy deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

ANONYMOUS.

*For Strength.*

FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,  
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,  
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,  
That we may live to glorify thy name ;—

That we may conquer base desire and passion,  
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,  
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,  
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,  
Let all thy mercy on our hearts be sealed ;  
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean ;  
O, speak the word ! thy servants shall be healed.

J. F. CLARKE.

*For Mercy.*

LORD, have mercy when we strive  
Here to save our souls alive ;  
When our wakening thoughts begin  
First to loathe their cherished sin ;  
When our weary spirits fail,  
And our aching brows are pale ;  
When our tears bedew thy word ;  
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord, have mercy when we lie  
On the restless bed and sigh —  
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,  
From the thought of former ill ;  
When the dim, advancing gloom  
Tells us that our hour has come ;  
When is loosed the silver cord ;  
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord, have mercy when we know  
First how vain this world below ;  
When its darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;  
When the earliest gleam is given  
Of the bright but distant heaven ;  
Then thy fostering grace afford ;  
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

MILMAN, (altered.)

**For Help.**

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne, let this,  
My humble prayer, arise : —

Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee ; —

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless my journey's end.

MRS. STEELE.

*For Guidance.*

FATHER of light! conduct my feet  
Through life's dark, dangerous road;  
Let each advancing step still bring  
Me nearer to my God.

Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;  
And when I go astray,  
Recall my feet from folly's paths,  
To wisdom's better way.

That heavenly wisdom from above  
Abundantly impart;  
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,  
And penetrate my heart,—

Till it shall lead me to thyself,  
Fountain of bliss and love,  
And all my darkness be dispersed  
In endless light above.

SMART.

*For Guidance.*

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light;  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;  
O, burst these bonds, and set it free!

If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence, I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
O God, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

MORAVIAN.

## Giving to God.

O, DRAW me, Father, after thee ;  
So shall I run, and never tire ;  
With gracious words still comfort me ;  
Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;  
Free me from every weight ; nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side !

In suffering, be thy love my peace ;  
In weakness, be thy love my power ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
My God, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
And bear me through death's whelming tide.

MORAVIAN.

I will arise and go unto my Father.

To thine eternal arms, O God,  
Take us, thine erring children, in ;  
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,  
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,  
A guard through helpless years to be ;  
O, leave not our maturer days ;  
We still are helpless without thee.

We trusted hope, and pride, and strength ;  
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,  
Our dreams have faded all at length :  
We come to thee, O Lord, again.

A guide to trembling steps yet be ;  
Give us of thine eternal powers ;  
So shall our paths all lead to thee,  
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

**For spiritual Blessings.**

ALMIGHTY Father, thou hast many a blessing  
In store for every erring child of thine ;  
For this I pray — let me, thy grace possessing,  
Seek to be guided by thy will divine.

Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,  
Would I my supplications raise to thee ;  
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,  
But only that I give that heart to thee.

I pray that thou wouldst guide and guard me ever ;  
Cleanse, by thy power, from every stain of sin ;  
I will thy blessing ask on each endeavor,  
And thus thy promised peace my soul shall win.

ANONYMOUS.

*For Wisdom.*

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer  
To thee our souls we lift ;  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.

We ask not honors which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom : Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before thee give.

The young remember thee in youth,  
Before the evil days ;  
The old be guided by thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

MONTGOMERY.

*For Wisdom and Virtue.*

SUPREME and universal light!  
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !  
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow  
On all above, and all below ; —

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,  
What nature and thy laws decree ;  
Worthy that intellectual flame  
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

May our expanded souls disclaim  
The narrow view, the selfish aim,  
But with a Christian zeal embrace  
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

O Father, grace and virtue grant !  
No more we wish, no more we want ;  
To know, to serve thee, and to love,  
Is peace below, is bliss above.

HENRY MOORE.

### The Flight of Time.

God of eternity, from thee  
Did infant Time his being draw ;  
Moments, and days, and months, and years  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

Silent and swift they glide away ;  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea —  
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Upon the rapid stream are borne  
Swift on to their eternal home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart  
To know the price of every hour,  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

DODDRIDGE.

God is Heaven.

FATHER divine, this deadening power control,  
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul ;  
O, break this bondage, Lord ! I would be free,  
And in my soul would find my heaven in thee.

My heaven in thee ! O God, no other heaven  
To the immortal soul can e'er be given ;  
O, let thy kingdom now within me come,  
And as above, so here, thy will be done !

My heaven in thee, O Father, let me find,  
My heaven in thee, within a heart resigned ;  
No more of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair ;  
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

DR. TUCKERMAN.

●, move us!

God, namèd Love, whose fount thou art,  
Thy crownless church before thee stands,  
With too much hating in her heart,  
And too much striving in her hands.

Yet, Lord, thy wrongèd love fulfil!  
Thy church, though fallen, before thee stands—  
Behold, the voice is Jacob's still,  
Albeit the hands are Esau's hands!

O, move us—thou hast power to move—  
One in the one Beloved to be!  
Teach us the heights and depths of love,  
Give thine, that we may love like thee!

E. B. BROWNING.

*Lead thou me on!*

SEND kindly light amid the encircling gloom,  
And lead me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead thou me on!  
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on!  
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still  
'Twill lead me on  
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

ANONYMOUS.

Let there be Light!

THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight!  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Light to the inly blind,  
O, now to all mankind  
Let there be light!

Descend thou from above,  
Spirit of truth and love,  
Speed on thy flight!  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Spirit of hope and grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

MARRIOTT.

Our Prayer ascends.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit  
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,  
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;  
Forgive its weakness!

We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:  
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us,  
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness  
Forgives our blindness.

O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest  
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,  
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,  
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom  
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom  
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
And spring eternal.

Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,  
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;  
Where every flower escaped thro' death's dark portal  
Becomes immortal.

BOWRING.

*The Child of God.*

NONE loves me, Father, with thy love,  
None else can meet such needs as mine ;  
O, grant me, as thou shalt approve,  
All that befits a child of thine ;  
From every doubt and fear release,  
And give me confidence and peace.

Give me a faith shall never fail,  
One that shall always work by love ;  
And then, whatever foes assail,  
They shall but higher courage move  
More boldly for the truth to strive,  
And more by faith in thee to live ;—

A heart, that, when my days are glad,  
May never from thy way decline,  
And when the sky of life grows sad,  
May still submit its will to thine, —  
A heart that loves to trust in thee,  
A patient heart create in me.

GERMAN.

## I am thine.

O THOU that sitt'st in heaven, and seest  
My deeds without, my thoughts within,  
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest ;  
Command my soul, and cure my sin :  
How bitter my afflictions be  
I care not, so I rise to thee.

What I possess or what I crave  
Brings no content, great God, to me,  
If what I would, or what I have,  
Be not possessed and blest in thee :  
What I enjoy, — O, make it mine,  
In making me, that have it, thine.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows  
Of summer friends ; when eyes grow strange ;  
When plighted faith forgets its vows ;  
When earth and all things in it change, —  
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never ;  
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st forever.

QUARLES.

Great God, we bow.

GREAT God, the followers of thy Son,  
We bow before thy mercy seat,  
To worship thee, the Holy One,  
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

O, grant thy blessing here to-day !  
O, give thy people joy and peace !  
The tokens of thy love display,  
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;  
His path of light we long to tread ;  
Here be his holy doctrines taught,  
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith, and hope, and love abound ;  
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;  
And we, from day to day, be found  
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

H. WARE, JR.

Lord, be not weary of me.

LORD, many times I am a-weary quite  
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity,  
Yet be not thou, or I am lost outright,  
Weary of me.

And heart against myself I often bear,  
And enter with myself on fierce debate;  
Take thou my part, against myself, nor share  
In that just hate!

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse  
We know of our own selves, they also know;  
Lord, Holy One, if thou who knowest worse  
Shouldst loathe us too!

R. C. TRENCH.

*He rebuked the Wind and the Sea.*

LORD, thou didst arise and say,  
To the troubled waters, Peace !  
And the tempest died away ;  
Down they sank, the foamy seas,  
And a calm and heaving sleep  
Spread o'er all the glassy deep ;  
All the azure lake serene  
Like another heaven was seen.

Lord, thy gracious word repeat  
To the billows of the proud ;  
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,  
Quell the fierce and changing crowd ;  
Then the earth shall find repose  
From its restless strife and foes ;  
And an imaged heaven appear  
On our world of darkness here.

MILMAN.

*For Help.*

THY law is perfect, Lord of light,  
Thy testimonies sure ;  
The statutes of thy realm are right,  
And thy commandment pure.

Let these, O God, my soul convert,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
Let these be gladness to my heart,  
The dayspring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warned betimes ;  
Who knows the guile within ?  
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,  
Cleanse me from secret sin.

So may the words my lips express,  
The thoughts that throng my mind,  
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,  
With thee acceptance find.

MONTGOMERY.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

OUR heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now :  
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;  
To thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come ; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live ;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power  
Our feeble hearts defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, forever be  
Glory and power divine ;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.

MONTGOMERY.

**The Lord's Prayer.**

THY name be hallowed evermore ;  
O God, thy kingdom come with power ;  
Thy will be done, and, day by day,  
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

Lord, evermore to us be given  
The living bread that came from heaven :  
Water of life on us bestow ;  
Thou art the source, the giver thou.

**MORAVIAN.**

## CLOSING WORSHIP.

## Dedication to God.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me  
I should live to thee alone ;  
Year by year thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, thou hast found me ;  
When I doubted, sent me light ;  
Still thine arm has been around me,  
All my paths were in thy sight.

I would trust in thy protecting,  
Wholly rest upon thine arm,  
Follow wholly thy directing,  
Thou mine only guard from harm !  
Keep me from mine own undoing,  
Help me turn to thee when tried,  
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
Keep me ever at thy side !

ANONYMOUS.

All is of God.

ALL is of God! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are his ;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against his messengers to shut the door ?

LONGFELLOW.



Imploring Divine Light.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,  
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !  
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast  
With silent confidence and holy rest ;  
From thee, great God, we spring ; to thee we tend,  
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

DR. JOHNSON.

### Our Needs.

THE path of life we walk to-day  
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;  
We need the shadowing rock as they ;  
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send his angels — cloud and fire —  
To lead us o'er the desert land !  
God give our hearts their long desire,  
His shadow in a weary land.

WHITTIER.



### De Profundis.

MY soul was dark, my soul was dark,  
But for the light and rainbow hue,  
That, sweeping heaven with their bright arc,  
Break on the view, break on the view.

Enough to feel, enough to feel  
That God is good. Enough to know  
Without the cloud he could reveal  
No beauteous bow, no beauteous bow !

CROSWELL, (altered.)

**God is Love.**

God is love ; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But his mercy waneth never :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Every where his glory shineth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

**BOWRING.**

**Full Salvation.**

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do and bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from cross to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;  
God's own hand shall lead thee there.

GRANT.

**Acquaint thee with God.**

ACQUAINT thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road ;  
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy head,  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,  
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;  
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

ANONYMOUS.

**God our Hope.**

CENTRE of our hopes thou art,  
End of our enlarged desires ;  
Stamp thine image on our heart ;  
Fill us now with heavenly fires :  
Welded by a love divine,  
Seal our souls forever thine.

All our works in thee be wrought,  
Levelled at one common aim ;  
Every word and every thought  
Purge in the refining flame :  
Lead us through the paths of peace,  
On to perfect holiness.

METHODIST COL.

**Closing Hymn.**

O THOU great Spirit, who along  
The waters first didst move,  
And straight, from warring chaos sprung  
Light, harmony, and love ;  
Upon our waiting spirits brood,  
Bid all their discord cease,  
And breathe upon the troubled soul  
Thy last, best gift of peace.

MARTINEAU'S COL.

**Dismissal.**

IN this our parting hour,  
Bless us, thine own ;  
Make us in loving power  
Guards of thy throne.

Bind us in holy ties ;  
May we, each one,  
Say, in our agonies,  
Thy will be done !

W.

### Closing Doxology.

FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.



### Dismissal.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Let us each, thy peace possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming love :  
Still support us  
While in duty's path we move.

Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound ;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

BURDER.

**Parting.**

Part in peace! Is day before us?  
Praise his name for life and light;  
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?  
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! With deep thanksgiving,  
Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
Gracious service to the living,  
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! Such are the praises  
God our Maker loveth best;  
Such the worship that upraises  
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

## EVENING SERVICE.

*Vespers.*

FATHER supreme, thou high and holy One,  
    To thee we bow ;  
Now, when the labor of the day is done,  
    Devoutly, now.

From age to age unchanging, still the same,  
    All good thou art ;  
Hallowed forever be thy reverend name  
    In every heart.

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,  
    Thy smile was there ;  
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,  
    We feel thy care.

ANONYMOUS.

## Eve'ning.

As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials or its cares,  
O Father, till my life shall end,  
Be thou my counsellor and friend ;  
Teach me thy statutes all divine,  
And let thy will be always mine.

When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Father, while I rest ;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O, lead me onward to the skies !

And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

CHR. PSALMIST.

**Jubilate!**

Soft as fades the sunset splendor,  
And the light of day grows dim,  
We to thee our praises render;  
Sing we thus our vesper hymn:  
Jubilate! Amen!  
Father, gracious, loving, tender,  
O, accept the grateful strain.

Day by day comes rich in blessing;  
Night by night brings holy calm;  
Lord, to thee our praise addressing,  
Rises thus our joyful psalm:  
Jubilate! Amen!  
But, unworthiness confessing,  
Into silence fades again.

S. LONGFELLOW'S VESPERS.

*Vespers.*

O, BLEST Creator of the light!  
Who didst the dawn from darkness bring,  
And in the heaven's glorious height  
Didst bid the stars together sing;  
Who, gently blending eve with morn  
And morn with eve, didst call them day;  
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;  
O, hear us as we come to pray.

Keep thou our souls from thought of crime;  
Keep them from guilt's remorseful strife;  
Not living for the things of time,  
But living the eternal life.  
Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;  
Teach us the prize of life to win;  
Teach us all evil to abhor,  
And purify ourselves within.

S. LONGFELLOW'S VESPERS.

*(Lucis Creator optime.)*

**Nature's Evening Hymn.**

THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,  
Attune their evening hymn ;  
All wise, all holy, thou art praised  
In song of seraphim !  
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds  
Unite to worship thee,  
While thy majestic greatness fills  
Space, time, eternity.

Nature's a temple worthy thee,  
That beams with light and love ;  
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,  
Whose stars rejoice above ;  
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs  
That rise along the shore ;  
Whose anthems, the sublime accord  
Of storm and ocean roar.

On all thou smil'st ; and what is man  
Before thy presence, God ?  
A breath but yesterday inspired,  
To-morrow but a clod.  
That clod shall mingle in the vale,  
But, kindled, Lord, by thee,  
The spirit to thy arms shall spring,  
To life, to liberty.

BOWRING.

**Guard us!**

GUARD us, O thou who never sleepest,  
Thou who, in silence throned above,  
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest  
Thy watch of glory, power, and love.

Grant that, beneath thine eye securely,  
Our souls, a while from life withdrawn,  
May in their darkness, stilly, purely,  
Like sealèd fountains rest till dawn.

THOS. MOORE.

**Evening Hymn.**

O THOU true life of all that live!  
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;  
Who dost the morn and evening give,  
And through its changes guide the day;

Thy light upon our evening pour, —  
So may our souls no sunset see;  
But death to us an open door  
To an eternal morning be.

LYRA CATH.

**Vespers.**

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining ;  
Father in heaven ! the day is declining ;  
Safety and innocence flee not with light ;  
We trust thee by day, and we trust thee by night ;  
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,  
Safely and holily pass we the time.

Father in heaven ! on thee do we call ;  
Thou the Protector and Saviour of all !  
Feeble and falling, we trust in thy might ;  
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light !  
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,  
Wake in thine arms when the morning returns.

S. LONGFELLOW'S VESPERS.

*(Sol recedit igneus.)*

  
**Evening Aspirations.**

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light !  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night !  
May thine angel guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night !

BISHOP HEBER.

**Our Guard by Night.**

LORD of the world, who hast preserved  
Us safely through this day,  
Now guard us in the silent night,  
And in all time, we pray !

Be present, in thy peace, to those  
Who as thy suppliants wait ;  
Blot out the record of our sin ;  
Our gloom illuminate !

Let not, amid our hours of sleep,  
Life's enemy steal in ;  
Let not a vision of the night  
Have power to whisper sin.

Guard every avenue from guile,  
When slumber seals our eyes ;  
And guiltless as we laid us down,  
So guiltless let us rise.

BREVIARY.

## GOD AND HIS NATURE.

*The Unchangeable.*

UNCHANGEABLE, all-perfect Lord !  
Essential life's unbounded sea !  
What lives and moves, lives by thy word ;  
It lives, and moves, and is from thee ;  
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,  
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,  
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,  
By thee was to existence brought.

Thine, Lord, is holiness, alone ;  
Justice and truth before thee stand ;  
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,  
Love ever dwells at thy right hand.  
And to thy love and ceaseless care,  
Father, this light, this breath, we owe ;  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From thee, great source of life, doth flow.

LANGE.

(From the German.)

### The Eternal God.

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,  
Or heaven and earth in order stood,  
Before the birth of ancient time,  
From everlasting thou art God.

A thousand ages, in their flight,  
With thee are as a fleeting day;  
Past, present, future, to thy sight  
At once their various scenes display.

But our brief life's a shadowy dream,  
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,  
That fades with morning's earliest beam,  
And fills the musing mind no more.

To us, O Lord, the wisdom give  
Each passing moment so to spend,  
That we at length with thee may live  
Where life and bliss shall never end.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

**God's Eternity.**

BEFORE the mountains were brought forth,  
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth,  
Even from everlasting on  
To everlasting, thou art God.

A thousand years unto thy sight  
Are but as yesterday when passed ;  
And they are as a sleep, O Lord ;  
Our years are as a tale that's told.

Teach us to number so our days  
That we apply our hearts to thee ;  
With mercy early satisfied,  
May we be glad through all our days.

And let the beauty of the Lord  
Be on us all forevermore ;  
Establish thou the earthly work  
Our feeble hands, O Lord, have done.

PSALM XC.

### *The Glory of God.*

THE heavens declare the high glory of God ;  
The firmament showeth the work of his hand ;  
And day unto day ever uttereth speech,  
And night unto night showeth knowledge of him.

There is not a speech where their voice is not heard ;  
The law of the Lord, it converteth the soul ;  
His statutes are right, it rejoiceth the heart ;  
His judgments are righteous and fast to endure ;

Yea, better to have than the finest of gold,  
And sweeter than honey that filleth the comb ;  
Moreover by them is thy servant forewarned ;  
And great the reward in the keeping of them.

Thy servant keep back from presumptuous sins ;  
O, let them not have their dominion o'er me ;  
Let the words of my mouth be acceptable, Lord ;  
Thou art my redeemer, my strength, and my king.

PSALM XIX.

*The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
" The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

**Man and the Works of God.**

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent  
Thy name in all the earth !  
Thou, who hast set thy glory far  
Above the heavens and earth.

Whene'er I look unto the skies,  
The work of thine own hands,  
The moon, the stars, thou hast ordained, —  
O, what, O Lord, is man ?

Yet thou hast made him little lower  
Than angels ; and hast crowned  
His days with glory evermore,  
With honor in thy name.

Thou gavest him dominion, Lord,  
O'er all thy handiwork,  
And all things on the earth that live,  
Hast put beneath his feet.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent  
Thy name in all the earth !  
Thou who hast set thy glory far  
Above the heavens and earth.

PSALM VIII.

*All from God.*

FATHER, thy paternal care  
Has my guardian been, my guide !  
Every hallowed wish and prayer  
Has thy hand of love supplied ;  
Thine is every thought of bliss,  
Left by hours and days gone by ;  
Every hope thy offspring is,  
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray ;  
Every moon that shines serene ;  
Every morn that welcomes day ;  
Every evening's twilight scene ;  
Every hour which wisdom brings ;  
Every incense at thy shrine ;  
These, — and all life's holiest things,  
And its fairest, — all are thine.

And for all my hymns shall rise  
Daily to thy gracious throne ;  
Thither let my asking eyes  
Turn unwearied, righteous One !  
Through life's strange vicissitude  
There reposing all my care,  
Trusting still, through ill and good,  
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

**God being where.**

**THEY** who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present every where.

In our sickness and our health,  
In our want or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present every where.

When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present every where.

Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer ;  
God is present every where.

**METHODIST.**

## God in us.

O God, I have trodden the wine-press alone ;  
With eyes to the clouds, I have sought thee in vain ;  
I have stood with my brow uncovered, and known  
The blight of the tempest, with none to sustain.

But I heard not the quickening spirit of life —  
My God,— that within me was near and unknown ;  
The blazon of heaven was dimmed in the strife ;  
A voice that should triumph gave only a moan.

O God, thou abidest in hearts that are strong ;  
If thou art within us, there's nerve for the worst ;  
A Christian is war-proof, and rights what is wrong,  
And craven the soul that is never athirst.

W.

●  
God in the City.

Not in the solitude  
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see  
Only in savage wood  
And sunny vale the present Deity;  
Or only hear his voice  
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold  
Thy steps, Almighty! here, amidst the crowd,  
Through the great city rolled,  
With everlasting murmur deep and loud —  
Choking the ways that wind  
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

And when the hours of rest  
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,  
Hushing its billowy breast, —  
The quiet of that moment too is thine;  
It breathes of him who keeps  
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

BRYANT.

### *The Presence of God.*

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high ;  
Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear thy voice when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air ;  
The waves obey thy dread control ;  
Yet still thou art not there.  
Where shall I find him, O my soul,  
Who yet is every where ?

O, not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast ;  
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,  
There does his spirit rest.  
O, come, thou Presence Infinite,  
And make thy creature blest.

*God's sustaining Presence.*

FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,  
Beaming through all thy works we see ;  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of thee.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,  
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds, invisible,  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part  
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;  
But this we know, — that where thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

And through the various maze of time,  
And through the infinity of space,  
We follow thy career sublime,  
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought, —  
Since thou, their God, art every where,  
They cannot be where thou art not.

BOWRING.

*Alone, yet not alone.*

THE desert flower afar may bloom,  
Where foot of man ne'er trod ;  
Yet gratefully its soft perfume  
Ascendeth up to God ;  
And he will own the offering too,  
And fill its cup with living dew.

Alone may sing the forest bird,  
Afar from human ear ;  
Yet there he singeth not unheard,  
For God is listening near ;  
And he will cheer the warbler's breast  
With pleasant food and quiet rest.

Thus, when, before his gracious throne,  
With grateful praise I bend,  
I feel I am not all alone,  
For God is still my friend ;  
And humble though my love may be,  
He answereth it with love to me.

G. W. BETHUNE.

**God the Light of the World.**

THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee.  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
And every flower the Summer wreathes  
Is born beneath thy kindling eye :  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

T. MOORE.

God is Love.

I CANNOT always trace the way  
Where thou, almighty One, dost move,  
But I can always, always say  
That God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle flings  
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,  
As to her native home, upsprings,  
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

Yes, God is love ; — a word like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,  
For God is love.

ANONYMOUS.

**Light shining out of Darkness.**

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

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*God's Providence.*

If but a cloud in heaven appears,  
A blur moves thwart the harvest gold ;  
The trailing shadows of our fears  
Brood o'er the summer of our years,  
And the chance breezes come a-cold.

The cloud floats down the teeming west ;  
It groweth with a vapory fold !  
To-morrow, and our crops are blest ;  
Rain is our God made manifest,  
God of the creature and the wold.

There's not a day without its gain ;  
The sky, with all its garnered gold,  
But darkens with the pledge of rain ;  
And all God's creatures raise the strain,  
His bounties, O, how manifold !

W.

God known through Job.

No human eyes thy face may see ;  
No human thought thy form may know ;  
But all creation dwells in thee,  
And thy great life through all doth flow.

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !  
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,  
And every heart with sorrow fraught  
To seek thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem  
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,  
And vain the intellectual dream,  
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside  
Who cannot solve thy life divine,  
But would give up all reason's pride  
To know their hearts approved by thine.

And thine unceasing love gave birth  
To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,  
Who left a perfect proof on earth  
That duty, love, and truth are one.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,  
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,  
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,  
And love shall guide us on to thee.

T. W. HIGGINSON.



### God's fatherly Care.

FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,  
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;  
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,  
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

The morning comes, with blushes overspread,  
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;  
And in its modest dawn around me shed,  
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend ;  
Yet they could never reach as far as me,  
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,  
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

JONES VERY.

**My Help and Hope.**

HE is alone my help and hope,  
That I shall not be moved ;  
His watchful eye is ever ope,  
And guardeth his beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,  
He is my sun and shade ;  
The cold by night, the heat by day,  
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes ;  
Doth all their plots control ;  
And is a shield, not reckoning those,  
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,  
Or else within my door,  
He is my pillar and my cloud,  
Now and forevermore.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

*Goodness of God.*

God, thou art good ; each perfumed flower,  
The waving field, the dark green wood,  
The insect fluttering for an hour, —  
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in each breath of wind ;  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
And clouds with gold and silver lined,  
All still repeat that God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year  
Has the same verdant path pursued,  
And every bird, in accents clear,  
Joins in the song that God is good.

The countless hosts of twinkling stars,  
That sing his praise with light renewed ;  
The rising sun each day declares,  
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says  
That God is good ; and man, endued  
With power to speak his Maker's praise,  
Should still repeat that God is good.

MRS. FOLLEN.

**God's Command.**

ONE knows us as none other does,  
And it is not in man to dare  
Gainsay the fiat of his God,  
That duty grows sublime with care!

To lay a hand upon the mouth,  
And idly stand in reverent awe,  
Were useless dwarfing of this life  
To magnify the eternal law.

The master truths of life come forth,  
Like the undying lamps of night;  
The world is full of godsend most  
When seemingly of murk and blight.

To write in water evil thought,  
To watch the ruling of his hand,  
To love our neighbor as in heaven,—  
This is his strong and sweet command.

W.

## NATURE'S GOD.

My God, all nature owns thy sway ;  
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day ;  
When all thy loved creation wakes,  
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
And bathes in dew the opening flower,  
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;  
And when she pours her choral song,  
Her melodies to thee belong.

Or when, in paler tints arrayed,  
The evening slowly spreads her shade,  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,  
Still every fond and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire,  
From earth the longing spirit free,  
And lead the softened heart to thee.

As o'er thy work the seasons roll,  
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,  
O, never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !  
But, oft as on their charms we gaze,  
Attune the wondering soul to praise ;  
And be the joys that most we prize  
The joys that from thy favor rise !

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

**God in Nature.**

God of the sighing breeze,  
God of the waving trees,  
To thee we soar.  
In field, and fruit, and flower,  
In summer's sunny hour,  
And winter's sleeting shower,  
Thee we adore.

Now from the shimmering sky,  
Now from thy throne on high,  
In mercy look,  
That rightly we may heed,  
And rightly we may read  
The lessons we may need  
From Nature's book.

Each trembling field of grass,  
Each weird and wild morass,  
Each tree and sod,  
Each bud in beauty wrought,  
Each blossom quickly sought,  
Is but the embodied thought  
Of nature's God.

Then let our faith be deep,  
As climb we steep by steep  
To holiness :  
And when, Father divine,  
We seek thy love benign,  
And would be wholly thine,  
Hear us, and bless.

H.



### Nature's Beatitude.

SUNNED in the radiance of high good,  
All nature owns a bounteous God ;  
Man and the worm that thrids the sod  
Are one in life's beatitude.

What mind can compass his intents,  
Or phrase a fitting prayer for aught ?  
Such revelry of grateful thought  
Doth wilder all our meekened sense.

And can we, going to our task,  
When in life's thick our senses swim,  
Brush off, like dawn-dew, thoughts of him  
Who grants us what we dare not ask ?

W.

*Nature's Worship.*

THE ocean looketh up to heaven  
As 'twere a living thing ;  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand  
As bends the human knee —  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The priesthood of the sea.

The mists are lifted from the rills,  
Like the white wing of prayer ;  
They kneel above the ancient hills,  
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As if a prayerful spirit passed  
On nature as on men.

The sky is as a temple's arch ;  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious with the spirit march  
Of messengers at prayer.

WHITTIER.

## LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY.

*The Angel's Call.*

COME to the land of peace!  
Come where the tempest has no longer sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul away,  
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there;  
Come to the mingling of repose and love,  
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove  
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright, and blest,  
And crowned forever; 'midst that shining band,  
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,  
The spirit shall find rest.

MRS. HEMANS.

### Cleaving to Earth.

EARTH'S children cleave to earth ; her frail,  
Decaying children dread decay ;  
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,  
And lessens in the morning ray, —

Look, how by mountain rivulet  
It lingers as it upward creeps,  
And clings to fern and copsewood set  
Along the green and dewy steeps.

Yet all in vain — it passes still  
From hold to hold ; it cannot stay ;  
And in the very beams that fill  
The world with glory, wastes away, —

Till, parting from the mountain's brow,  
It vanishes from human eye,  
And that which sprung of earth is now  
A portion of the glorious sky.

BRYANT.

*The Conflux of two Eternities.*

ANOTHER life the life of day o'erwhelms ;  
The past from present consciousness takes hue,  
And we remember vast and cloudy realms  
Our feet have wandered through.

So oft some moonlight of the mind makes dumb  
The stir of outer thought ; wide open seems  
The gate where thro' strange sympathies have come,  
The secret of our dreams ; —

The source of fine impressions, shooting deep  
Below the failing plummet of the sense ;  
Which strike beyond all time, and backward sweep  
Through all intelligence.

We touch the lower life of beast and clod,  
And the long process of the ages see  
From blind old chaos, ere the breath of God  
Moved it to harmony.

All outward wisdom yields to that within,  
Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key ;  
We only feel that we have ever been,  
And evermore shall be.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

*The Issues of Life and Death.*

O, WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

Here would we end our quest;  
Alone are found in thee  
The life of perfect love — the rest  
Of immortality.

MONTGOMERY.

### Earth and Heaven.

GREAT God, how vain our lives can be,  
Forgetful of their true estate!  
Our wandering spirits fly from thee,  
Relinquish heaven, and tempt their fate.

Yet what a dream, if this were all —  
To gain the world and win but loss;  
To feel its chiefest pleasures pall,  
To grasp its gold, and find it dross!

O, could we taste those living springs  
That flow through all the heavenly road,  
And feel the soul's expanded wings,  
Reviving, mount to thine abode!

But doubts and fears, like cloud on cloud,  
Around us fling their gloomy screen,  
And sin grows up, a frightful shroud,  
Our hearts, and O, our heaven between.

Yet thus we cling to time's control,  
And wasted hopes to earth are given,  
Till God recalls the wandering soul,  
And to the weary opens heaven.

GEO. LUNT.

### *The Hour of Death.*

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set ; but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay ;  
But thou art not of those  
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn pales the grain ;  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the air,  
Art in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set ; but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

MRS. HEMANS.

Where is the Spirit gone?

ANSWER me, burning stars of night,  
Where is the spirit gone,  
That past the reach of human sight,  
E'en as a breeze, hath flown?  
And the stars answered me, "We roll  
In light and power on high,  
But of the never-dying soul  
Ask things that cannot die!"

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose  
Around the setting sun,  
Answer: have ye a home for those  
Whose earthly race is run?  
The bright clouds answered, "We depart;  
We vanish from the sky;  
Ask what is deathless in thy heart  
For that which cannot die!"

Speak then, thou voice of God within;  
Thou of the deep low tone;  
Answer me through life's restless din,  
Where is the spirit flown?  
And the voice answered, "Be thou still!  
Enough to know is given;  
Clouds and the stars their task fulfil,—  
Thine is to trust in heaven!"

MRS. HEMANS.

*The bordering Land.*

ALL over life's shadowy border flow  
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,  
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,  
And flames in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,  
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,  
And walk in the fainter glory there,  
With the souls of the living hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,  
From eyes that open on earth no more —  
One warning word from a voice once dear —  
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er !

Far off from those hills that shine with day,  
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,  
This land of dreams goes stretching away  
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

BRYANT.

*Futurity.*

THE wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,—  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?

O, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not any thing;  
We can but trust that good shall fall  
At last,—far off,—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

TENNYSON.

**Here and There.**

WHAT no human eye hath seen,  
What no mortal ear hath heard,  
What on thought hath never been  
In its noblest flights conferred, —  
This hath God prepared in store  
For his people evermore.

Many a joyful sight was given,  
Many a lovely vision here ;  
Hill, and vale, and starry even,  
Friendship's smile, affection's tear, —  
These were shadows sent in love  
Of realities above.

When upon my wearied ear  
Earth's last echoes faintly die,  
Then shall angel harps draw near,  
All the chorus of the sky ;  
Long hushed voices blend again,  
Sweetly, in that welcome strain.

(114)

Hymns from the Land of Luther.  
(LANGE.)

*To be in Heaven.*

God gave the germ to earth,  
The soul transplanted from its home on high,  
And thought and feeling, as bright leaves put forth,  
And as bright leaves to die.

But time can chill the tear,  
Till the tired heart above its care has risen,  
And earthly sympathies, grown frigid here,  
Can lose themselves in heaven.

Love, that Æolian chord,  
That takes life's tempest on its trembling string,  
And turns its wrath to music, — hath the word  
In heaven no echoing?

Yes, from the height of time,  
Onward, forever shall the feeling roll,  
And from the grave reverberate the chime  
Through the long age of soul.

Then what is it to die,  
If death but lengthen, do not part, the chain?  
Grant us, great God, thine own eternity  
To count its links again.

LAYS OF A LIFETIME.

Man's Works follow him.

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall  
The past shall reappear.

Ah, yes ; we live our life again ;  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,  
The pictures of the past remain :  
Man's works shall follow him.

WHITTIER.

## CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

*Christ the Way.*

O THOU great friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

We look to thee ; thy truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, thou art still the life ; thou art the way  
The holiest know—light, life, and way of heaven ;  
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,  
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

T. PARKER.

**The Way, the Truth, the Life.**

THOU art the way, — and he who sighs  
Amid the starless waste of woe,  
To find a pathway to the skies,  
A light from heaven's eternal glow,  
By thee must come, thou gate of love,  
Through which the saints undoubting trod,  
Till faith discovers, like the dove,  
An ark, a resting-place in God.

Thou art the truth, — whose steady day  
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,  
The pure, the everlasting ray,  
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;  
The light that out of darkness springs,  
And guideth those that blindly go ;  
The word whose precious radiance flings  
Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the life, — the blessèd well,  
With living waters gushing o'er,  
And those that drink shall ever dwell  
Where sin and thirst are known no more.  
Thou art the mystic pillar given,  
Our lamp by night, our light by day ;  
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven ;  
Thou art the life, the truth, the way.

ANONYMOUS.

*The Lord cometh.*

He comes, with succor speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth;  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing —  
A kingdom without end;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever;  
That name to us is love.

MONTGOMERY, (PSALM LXXII.)

*The Agony in the Garden.*

He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,  
When but his Father's eye  
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,  
On that dread agony;  
He poured in prayer his suppliant breath,  
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour;  
The skies might well grow dim,  
When this mortality had power  
Thus to o'ershadow him;  
That he who came to save might know  
The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all, — the doubt, the strife,  
The faint, perplexing dread;  
The mists that hang o'er parting life  
All darkened round his head;  
And the deliverer knelt to pray;  
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

It passed not, though the stormy wave  
Had sunk beneath his tread;  
It passed not, though to him the grave  
Had yielded up its dead;  
But there was sent him, from on high,  
A gift of strength, for man to die.

MRS. HEMANS, (altered.)

*Christ the Sufferer.*

O, SUFFERING friend of human kind !  
How, as the fatal hour drew near,  
Came thronging on thy holy mind  
The images of grief and fear !

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,  
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,  
The thorny crown, the insult keen,  
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,  
As the dark vision o'er it came,  
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,  
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame ?

O, when around our path there lowers  
Danger's dark cloud or sorrow's night,  
Thy blest example nerve our powers  
To press on, fearless, for the right.

BULFINCH.

*Christ's Precepts of Love.*

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,  
Our dying Master stands ;  
His weeping followers, gathering round,  
Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell !  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its author well.

"Blest is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain ;—

"Whose breast expands with generous warmth,  
A stranger's woes to feel,  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.

"Peace from the bosom of his Lord,  
My peace to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

“Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found,  
Free mercy from above;  
That mercy moves him to fulfil  
The perfect law of love.”

BARBAULD.



Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll  
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;  
Though friends are false, and love decays,  
And few and evil are my days;  
Yet e'en in nature's utmost ill,  
I'll love thee, Lord, I'll love thee still.

Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,  
Swells with remembered guilt my woes,  
And memory points, with busy pain,  
To grace and mercy given in vain, —  
Though every thought has power to kill,  
I'll love thee, Lord, I'll love thee still.

O, by the pangs that Christ hath borne,  
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn, —  
By these my pangs, whose healing smart  
Thy grace hath planted in my heart,  
I know, I feel thy bounteous will:  
Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still.

HEBER, (altered.)

*The Victory of Christ.*

THOU dost come, all-healing Lord,  
Thou dost speak, and, lo! thy word  
Maketh truth o'er falsehood strong,  
Maketh right prevail o'er wrong.

Immortality forth breaks,  
Time's best brightness to outglow!  
And sweet hope yet briefer makes  
Our brief exile here below.

Love celestial maketh light,  
Lifteth up each burden here;  
Lo! the eternal age dawns bright;  
No remorse need be despair.

Deeper worth the just soul hath;  
Virtue lowlier, loftier grows;  
Children know by humble faith;  
Wisdom nought more glorious knows.

And man, whom this glory cheers,  
Man, for whom this light is sown,  
Resteth fast, two thousand years,  
In thy word's strange strength alone.

LAMARTINE.

He had not where to lay his head.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;  
All creatures have their rest,  
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

And yet he came to give  
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,  
To bid the sinner live,  
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

Let the birds seek their nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;  
Come, Saviour, on my breast  
Come and repose thine oft-rejected head !

Come, give me rest, and take  
The only rest on earth thou lov'st, within  
A heart that for thy sake  
Shall purify itself from every sin.

### Triumph of the Gospel.

POUR, blessèd gospel, glorious news for man !  
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll ;  
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,  
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

On, piercing gospel, on ! of every heart,  
In every latitude, thou own'st the key ;  
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,  
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee.

Tread, kingly gospel, through the nations tread ;  
With all the noblest virtues in thy train :  
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;  
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign.

Spread, giant gospel, spread thy growing wings ;  
Gather thy scattered ones from every land :  
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings ;  
Proclaim them all thine own ; — 'tis his command.

ASHWORTH.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

UPON the gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine ;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.

Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,  
Pours inexhaustible supplies,  
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,  
And wisdom's self become more wise.

More glorious still as centuries roll,  
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ;—

Flow to restore, but not destroy ;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

BOWRING.

*The one glorious Fight.*

BEHOLD the sun, how bright  
From yonder east he springs,  
As if the soul of life and light  
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the gospel broke  
Upon the souls of men ;  
So fresh the dreaming world awoke  
In truth's full radiance then.

Before yon sun arose,  
Stars clustered through the sky —  
But O, how dim, how pale were those,  
To his one burning eye !

So truth lent many a ray  
To bless the pagan night —  
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they  
To thy one glorious light !

THOMAS MOORE.

## Christianity.

O, FAIREST-BORN of love and light,  
Yet bending brow and eye severe  
On all which pains the holy sight,  
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of all divine,  
The pitying heart, the helping arm,  
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth !  
How equal in their sufferings lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Christ gave thy message from on high,  
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died ;  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
From Tabor's lonely mountain side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

WHITTIER.

### The Church victorious.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more :  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness ;  
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them ;  
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be ;  
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee ;  
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

ANONYMOUS.

## COMMUNION.

*The Table of Christ.*

YE followers of the Prince of Peace,  
Who round his table draw,  
Remember what his spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.

The love which all his bosom filled  
Did all his actions guide ;  
Inspired by love he lived and taught,  
Inspired by love he died.

Let all the sacred law fulfil ;  
Like his be every mind ;  
Be every temper formed by love,  
And every action kind.

BEDDOME.

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**Christ's Memory.**

Not with terror do we meet  
At the board by Jesus spread ;  
Not in mystery drink and eat  
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

'Tis his memory we record,  
'Tis his virtues we proclaim ;  
Grateful to our honored Lord,  
Here we bless his sacred name.

See him, on the dreadful day  
Of his mortal agony,  
Break the bread, and hear him say,  
" Eat of this, and think of me ! "

See him standing on the brink  
Of the tomb ; and hark, he cries,  
" Take the cup, and, as you drink,  
O, remember him who dies ! "

Yes, we will remember thee,  
Friend and Saviour ; and thy feast  
Of all services shall be  
Holiest and welcomest.

BOWRING.

Christ the Monitor.

A SPIRIT goldens every hour  
We keep in memory of him  
Whose life shall have an endless power  
When ages dim.

Our living is a heritage  
The richer for the life he led,  
And thought runs nobler through each age  
In things unsaid.

And what is life's full ecstasy  
But thinking on his love, and then,  
Proud of his name, to fondly cry,  
We, too, are men!

We, too, are men! O, what a need!  
To live in thought that life again,  
And own the monitor we need,  
As Christian men!

In this fraternal hour of love,  
We whisper that low watchword, Peace!  
That earnest of our lot above  
On life's surcease.

*The Banquet of Christ.*

WHEN on the midnight of the East,  
At the dead moment of repose,  
Like hope on misery's darkened breast,  
The planet of salvation rose, —

The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,  
Started, with broad and upward gaze, —  
Kneeled, — while the star of Bethlehem broke  
On music wakened into praise.

Shall we, for whom that star was hung  
In the dark vault of frowning heaven, —  
Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,  
That song of peace and sin forgiven, —

Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,  
Careless his banquet's blessings see,  
Nor heed the parting word that said,  
“Do this in memory of me”?

DAWSON'S COL.

### He gave Thanks.

THE Son of God gave thanks  
Before the bread he broke ;  
How high that calm devotion ranks  
Among the words he spoke !

Thanks, 'mid those troubled men ;  
Thanks, in that dismal hour ;  
The world's dark prince advancing then  
In all his rage and power.

Shall we unthankful be  
For all our blessings round,  
When in that press of agony  
Such room for thanks he found ?

O, shame us, Lord, — whate'er  
The fortunes of our days, —  
If, suffering, we are weak to bear,  
If, favored, slow to praise.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

*This do in Remembrance of me.*

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord, —  
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember thee; —

Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,  
Will I remember thee.

MONTGOMERY.

The victorious Soul.

BREAD and wine he bade us take ;  
'Tis a symbol ; wherefore shrink ?  
Not in mystery we break,  
Not in secrecy we drink.

'Tis but bread, as he did eat ;  
'Tis but wine, as warmed his breath ;  
'Tis a record we repeat  
Of the victory and death ;—

Of the victory o'er life,  
Of the deathly agony ;  
Something nobler than a strife  
For a laurelled mastery.

'Twas a triumph that he felt ;  
Victor by the right of soul ;  
Knowing that the Father dwelt,  
With a blessing at the goal.

L\*

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W.

**Christ present in the Spirit.**

O, WHAT though our feet may not tread where Christ  
trod,

Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed him to bear,  
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer!

Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near  
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;  
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward has gone, but in glory and power  
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

WHITTIER.

## THE INWARD LIFE.

*The Soul's Release.*

GRAY wanderer in a homeless world,  
Poor pilgrim to a dusty bier,  
See in the sky these words unfurled,  
"Thy home is here."

Pale mourner, whose quick tears reveal  
Thy weight of sorrow but begun,  
A few swift circles of the wheel,  
And all is done.

O, moan not o'er your ceaseless pain ;  
O, moan not o'er your slow decay ;  
For know, the soul thus files its chain,  
And breaks away.

T. B. READ.

## Seeking God.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light ;  
Inly I sigh for thy repose ;  
My heart is pained ; nor can it be  
At rest till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;  
And fain I would ; but though my will  
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;  
Yet hindrances strow all the way ;  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee ;  
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
O, when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with thee my heart to share ?  
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there ;  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee.

MORAVIAN.

### The yearning Spirit.

ALL-MOVING Spirit! freely forth

At thy command the strong wind goes  
Its errand to the passive earth ;

Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
Until it folds its weary wing

Once more within the hand divine :  
So, weary of each earthly thing,  
My spirit turns, O God, to thine.

O thou, who bidd'st the torrent flow,  
Who lendest wings unto the wind, —  
Mover of all things! where art thou ?

O, whither shall I go to find  
The secret of thy resting place ?  
Is there no holy wing for me,  
That, soaring, I may reach the space  
Of highest heaven, O God, for thee ?

O, would I were as free to rise  
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,  
The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
Or aught which soars unchecked and free,  
Through earth and heaven, — that I might lose  
Myself, O God, in finding thee.

LAMARTINE.

(Translated by Whittier.)

**The Spirit giveth Life.**

'Tis not the gift, but 'tis the spirit  
With which 'tis given,  
That on the gift confers a merit,  
As seen by heaven.

'Tis not the prayer, however boldly  
It strikes the ear ;  
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,  
If not sincere.

'Tis not the deeds the loudest lauded  
That brightest shine ;  
There's many a virtue unapplauded,  
And yet divine.

'Tis not the word that sounds the sweetest  
That's soonest heard ;  
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,  
May be preferred.

The outward show may be delusive,  
A cheating name ;  
The inner spirit is conclusive  
Of worth or shame.

BOWRING.

*The Voice of God in the Soul.*

HATH not thy heart within thee burned  
At evening's calm and holy hour,  
As if its inmost depths discerned  
The presence of a loftier power?

Hast thou not heard, 'mid forest glades,  
While ancient rivers murmured by,  
A voice from forth the eternal shades,  
That spake a present Deity?

And as upon the sacred page  
Thine eye in rapt attention turned  
O'er records of a holier age,  
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

It was the voice of God that spake  
In silence to thy silent heart,  
And bade each worthier thought awake,  
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O, yet be near!  
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace!  
Direct us on our pathway here,  
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease!

BULFINCH.

*The Law divine.*

SAY not the law divine  
Is hidden from thee and afar removed ;  
That law within would shine,  
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

Soar not on high,  
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth ;  
That vaulted sky  
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Then do not roam  
In search of that which wandering cannot win ;  
At home ! at home !  
That word is placed thy mouth and heart within.

O, seek it there ;  
Turn to its teachings with devoted will :  
Watch unto prayer,  
And in the power of faith that law fulfil.

ANONYMOUS.

*The Soul awaked.*

LIKE morning, when her early breeze  
Breaks up the surface of the seas,  
That in their furrows, dark with night,  
Her hand may sow the seeds of light,—

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er  
The spirit dark and lost before,  
And, freshening all its depths, prepare  
For truth divine to enter there.

Till David touched his sacred lyre,  
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;  
But when he swept its chords along,  
Even angels stooped to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul till thou, O Lord,  
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord—  
Till waked by thee, its breath shall rise  
In music, worthy of the skies.

THOMAS MOORE.

~~Why~~ thus longing.

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,  
For the far-off, the unattained and dim,  
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,  
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearnings it would still ;  
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world through weal and woe.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,  
Not by works that give thee world-renown,  
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give ;  
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,  
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

MISS WINSLOW.

*The Angel of Patience.*

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest angel gently comes ;  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance ;  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;  
What ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling balm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will !

O, thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day ;  
He walks with thee, that angel kind,  
And gently whispers, " Be resigned :  
Bear up, bear on ; the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! "

WHITTIER.

(From the German.)

*At Evening there shall be Light.*

OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,  
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,  
And worldly cares and worldly fears  
Go with us to the last ; —  
Not to the last ! God's word hath said,  
Could we but read aright,  
O pilgrim, lift in hope thy head ;  
At eve it shall be light.

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud  
Our toilsome path a while,  
God's blessed word can part each cloud,  
And bid the sunshine smile.  
If we but trust in living faith  
His love and power divine,  
Then, though our sun may set in death,  
His light shall round us shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,  
His bow of love and peace  
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,  
Token that storms shall cease.  
Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,  
By faith, and not by sight,  
And we shall own his word fulfilled —  
“ At eve it shall be light.”

BARTON, (altered.)

This also shall pass away.

WHEN morning sunbeams round me shed  
Their light and influence blest,  
When flowery paths before me spread,  
And life in smiles is dressed,  
In darkling lines, that dim each ray,  
I read, "This, too, shall pass away."

When murky clouds o'erhang the sky,  
Far down the vale of years,  
And vainly looks the tearful eye,  
When not a hope appears,  
Lo! characters of glory play  
'Mid shades — "This, too, shall pass away."

Blest words, that temper pleasure's beam,  
And lighten sorrow's gloom,  
That early sadden youth's bright dream,  
And cheer the old man's tomb,  
Unto that world be ye my stay,  
That world which shall not pass away.

Thy Will be done.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower ;  
Alike they're needful to the flower ;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?  
Creator, I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to thee.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

O, ne'er will I at life repine ;  
Enough that thou hast made it mine.  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing, with parting breath,  
"As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

SARAH F. ADAMS.

## Trial.

WHAT if the cup be bitter ?  
The cure is sweet ;  
Gethsemane were fitter  
For erring feet  
Than pleasure, with a pampering hand,  
To cheat us with a lure too bland.

The midnight hour of trial,  
Life's wily mart,  
Men's scoffs and false denial,  
The coreless heart,  
Were such to make thine own repine,  
But for thy cup of oil and wine.

W.

*The Test of Faith.*

SHALL we, who sit beneath that tree  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,  
In answer to the breath of prayer,  
Upon the waiting head, —

Shall we grow weary at our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay,  
Impatient of our Father's time,  
And his appointed way ?

Or shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong,  
And in the ear of pride and power  
Our warning voice is strong.

But O, we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save,  
And murmur for Abana's banks,  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

WHITTIER.

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Eden and Gethsemane.

FOR man a garden rose in bloom,  
When yon glad sun began to burn;  
He fell, and heard the awful doom,  
"Of dust thou art — to dust return!"

But he, in whose pure faith we come,  
Who in a gloomier garden lay,  
Assured us of a brighter home,  
And rose and led the glorious way.

This word we trust! When life shall end,  
Here be our long, long slumber passed;  
To the first garden's doom we bend,  
And bless the promise of the last.

CHAS. SPRAGUE.

*The Lack of Faith.*

STEEP, and hung with clouds of strife,  
Is our narrow path of life ;  
And our death the dreadful fall  
Through the dark, awaiting all.

So with painful steps we climb  
Up the dizzy ways of time,  
Ever in the shadow shed  
By the forecast of our dread.

Dread of mystery solved alone,  
Of the untried and unknown ;  
Yet the end thereof may seem  
Like the falling of a dream.

And this heart-consuming care,  
All our fears of here and there,  
Change and absence, loss and death,  
Prove but simple lack of faith.

WHITTIER.

Faith.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe ;—

That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God ;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

*The Strength of Hope.*

THE world may change from old to new,  
From new to old again ;  
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,  
Within man's heart remain.  
The dreams that bless the weary soul,  
The struggles of the strong,  
Are steps towards some happy goal,  
The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,  
The man to sow the seed ;  
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,  
But prompts again to deed.  
And ere upon the old man's dust  
The grass is seen to wave,  
We look through falling tears, to trust  
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

O, no, it is no flattering lure,  
No fancy weak or fond,  
When hope would bid us rest secure  
In better life beyond.  
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,  
Her promise may gainsay ;  
The voice divine hath spoke within,  
And God did ne'er betray.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

The Christian Graces.

FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,  
Yet is the greatest charity ;  
Father of lights, these gifts impart  
To mine and every human heart.

Faith, that in prayer can never fail,  
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,  
And charity, whose name above  
Is God's own name, for God is love.

The morning star is lost in light,  
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,  
The rainbow passes with the storm,  
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

But charity, serene, sublime,  
Beyond the reach of death and time,  
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,  
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

MONTGOMERY.

## Purity.

O, KNOW ye not that ye  
The temple are of God ?  
Revere the earth-built shrine, where he  
Should find a meet abode !

Immortal man, keep pure  
Thyself, that mystic shrine ;  
Let hate of all that's dark endure,  
And love of all divine.

Let saintly thoughts be shown  
In act by saintly things,  
Like glories through the temple thrown  
From cherub's curtained wings.

Let life, a holy stream,  
Its fountain holy show ;  
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,  
Heaven's purity below.

JOHNS.

True Worship.

O, HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken !  
The holier worship which God deigns to bless  
Restores the lost and heals the spirit-broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother !  
For where love dwells the peace of God is there ;  
To worship rightly is to love each other ;  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of him whose holy work was doing good :  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Thus shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor  
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

WHITTIER.

**My Strength is as my Day.**

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,  
And in my heart despondence sighs,  
When life her throng of cares reveals,  
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,  
Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
That "as my day my strength shall be."

When, with sad footsteps, memory roves  
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,  
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,  
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,  
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,  
That "as my day my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,  
One pang — the keenest and the last;  
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,  
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,  
Great God, then grant my soul to see  
That "as her day her strength shall be,"

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

*Fear not.*

WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,  
And trials overwhelm the mind, —  
When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul  
No joys on earth can find, —  
Then lift thy voice to God on high,  
Dry up the trembling tear,  
And hush the low, complaining sigh:  
“Fear not;” thy God is near.

When dark temptations spread their snares,  
And earth with charms allures,  
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears.  
The world's assault endures,  
Then let thy Father's friendly voice  
Thy fainting spirit cheer,  
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice:  
“Fear not;” thy God is near.

And when the final hour shall come,  
That calls thee to thy rest,  
To dwell within thy heavenly home,  
A welcome, joyful guest,  
Be calm; though Jordan's waves may roll,  
No ills shall meet thee there;  
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,  
“Fear not;” thy God is near.

## Strength.

“ WHEN I am weak, I’m strong,”  
The great apostle cried ;  
What did not to the earth belong,  
The might of heaven supplied.

“ When I am weak, I’m strong,”  
Each Christian heart repeats,  
To tune its feeblest breath to song,  
And fire its languid beats.

O holy strength ! whose ground  
Is in the heavenly land ;  
Supporting help alone is found  
In God’s immortal hand.

O blessèd ! that appears  
When fleshly aids are spent,  
And girds the mind, when most it fears,  
With trust and sweet content.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

**Strength.**

WE have strength to mate our faith,  
In the help that, Jesus saith,  
    Cometh to the stricken ;  
There's a balm for every grief,  
There's a love to bring relief,  
    Though we fall and sicken !

What alone were our right arms,  
But for hearts that scout alarms ?  
    Never may they falter !  
Fashion us of prophet-mould,  
Head and heart to sin unsold,  
    Freemen of thy altar !

W.

(163)

Christ who strengtheneth me.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die ?  
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?  
Who shall lead thy child to thee ?

Blessèd Father, gracious one,  
Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;  
He will give the light I need,  
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,  
Let me ever learn of him,  
From his precepts wisdom draw,  
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,  
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,  
In my weakness, thus shall I  
Learn to live, and learn to die.

FURNESS.

Help thou mine Unbelief.

If, listening, as I listen still,  
O God, to thine instructive word,  
In spite of all my spirit's will,  
Some whispering voice of doubt is heard,—  
That voice spontaneous from the soul,  
Which nought can check and nought control ;—

If, when most earnestly I pray  
For light, for aid, for strength, from thee,  
Some struggling thoughts will force their way,  
And break my soul's serenity ;—  
If reason, thy best gift, will hold  
The sceptre only half controlled ;—

Help, and forgive ! Heaven's alphabet  
Hath many a word of mystery ;  
I read not all thy record yet,  
Though perseveringly I try ;  
But teach me, Lord, and none shall be  
More prompt, more pleased to learn of thee.

BOWRING.

## Early Religion.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet  
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage!

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own!

BISHOP HEBER.

*The Christian Encouraged.*

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.

He every where hath rule,  
And all things serve his might ;  
His every act pure blessing is,  
His path unsullied light.

Thou comprehend'st him not ;  
Yet earth and heaven tell  
God sits as sovereign on the throne ;  
He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;  
Our hearts are known to thee :  
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee !

MORAVIAN.

*Rejoice evermore.*

BUT how shall we be glad ?  
We that are journeying through a vale of tears,  
Encompassed with a thousand woes and fears,  
How should we not be sad ?

When, lo ! as day from night,  
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,  
So from that sorrow was a gladness born,  
Even in mine own despite.

And side by side they flow,  
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,  
And oftentimes scarcely to be known apart —  
That gladness and that woe !

Two fountains from one source,  
Or which from two such neighboring sources run,  
That eye for him who shall unseal the one,  
The other flows perforce.

And both are sweet and calm ;  
Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow ;  
Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow,  
Shed round them holy balm.

R. C. TRENCH.

## Reliance.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands,  
To his sure trust and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To him commend thy cause — his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

Then on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

MORAVIAN.

**Submission.**

Be still, my soul ! the Lord is on thy side ;  
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain ;  
Leave to thy God to order and provide :  
In every change he faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul ! thy God doth undertake  
To guide the future as he has the past ;  
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake ;  
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.

Be still, my soul ! when dearest friends depart,  
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,  
Then shalt thou better know his love, his heart,  
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.

Be still, my soul ! begin the song of praise  
On earth, believing, to thy Lord on high ;  
Acknowledge him in all thy works and ways,  
So shall he view thee with a well-pleased eye.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

ANONYMOUS.

**Contentment and Resignation.**

To be resigned when ills betide,  
Patient when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given, —  
This is the wise, the virtuous part:  
This is that incense of the heart  
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go;  
Its checkered paths of joy and woe  
With holy care we'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.

For conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

COTTON.

## Prayer.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,  
From inmost founts of life ye start—  
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath  
Of soul and heart !

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,  
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;  
The simple heart, that freely asks  
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is,  
The mercy-seat and cherubim,  
And all the holy mysteries  
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,  
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,  
And wearies heaven for nought above  
Our common needs ;—

Which brings to God's all perfect will  
That trust of his undoubting child,  
Whereby all seeming good and ill  
Are reconciled ;—

And seeking not for special signs  
Of favor, is content to fall  
Within the providence which shines  
And rains on all.

WHITTIER.



*Be glibly Quiet.*

QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep  
This treasure the All-merciful hath given!  
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,  
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven!

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart!  
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel!  
To bear about forever in the heart  
The gladness which his spirit doth reveal!

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought  
Of the departed; that will be a part  
Of those undying things his peace hath wrought  
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting pain,  
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of death:  
These do but wear away, then break the chain  
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

ANONYMOUS.

**Prayer.**

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

## THE OUTWARD LIFE.

*The Word and Work.*

WE own but what the conscience saith  
To those blest few that listen well :  
“ No fruit can come of that man’s faith  
Who is to nature infidel.

“ God stands not with himself at strife :  
His work is first, his word is next ;  
Two sacred tomes, one book of life ;  
The comment this, and that the text.

“ Ill worship they who drop the creed,  
And take their chance with Jew and Turk ;  
But not so ill as they who read  
The word, and doubt the greater work.”

COVENTRY PATMORE.

### Manly Aspiration.

ALL thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will, —

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,  
In the bright fields of fair renown,  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb.  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight ;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern — unseen before —  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

LONGFELLOW.



### *Jobing our Neighbors.*

"BE doers of the word, not hearers only,  
Deceiving your own souls;" thus saith the Lord;  
The silent godliness of works is living,  
And holding views is not the soul's award.

Look to your Christ, how, 'mid the crowd's reviling,  
He held his peace! How oft do we do worse!  
The tongue but flashes on the theme too blinding,  
And since we see not, we pronounce a curse.

He loveth God the best who loves his neighbor;  
The angels mark him as their fittest friend;  
Doing on earth their ministering labor,  
Sweet benedictions on his ways attend.

W.

### The Meaning of Life.

LIFE has import more inspiring  
Than the fancies of its youth ;  
It has hopes as high as heaven,  
It has labor, it has truth.

It has wrongs that may be righted,  
Noble deeds that may be done,  
Still unfought are its great battles,  
Its great triumphs still unwon.

There are crushed and broken spirits,  
That electric thoughts may thrill,  
Lofty dreams to be embodied  
By the might of our strong will.

There are God and heaven above thee ;  
Wilt thou languish in despair ?  
Tread thy griefs beneath thee firmly,  
Scale the walls of heaven by prayer.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

The Law.

God's law demands one living faith,  
Not a gaunt crowd of lifeless creeds:  
Its warrant is a firm "God saith," —  
Its claim, not words, but loving deeds.

Yet, Lord, forgive; thy simple law  
Grows tarnished in our earthly grasp;  
Pure in itself, without a flaw,  
It dims in our too worldly clasp.

We handle it with unwashed hands,  
We stain it with unhallowed breath,  
We gloss it with device of man's,  
And hide thine image underneath.

Forgive the sacrilege, and take  
From off our souls the unworthy stain;  
And show us, for thy Son's dear sake,  
Thy pure and perfect law again.

C. A. BRIGGS.

Deeds, not Words.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control  
That o'er thee swell and throng;  
They will condense within thy soul  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft, luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour and fade.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

(180)

Haste not—Rest not.

WITHOUT haste and without rest!  
Bind the motto to thy breast;  
Bear it with thee as a spell;  
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;  
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed  
Mar fore'er the spirit's speed;  
Ponder well, and know the right;  
Onward, then, with all thy might;  
Haste not—years can ne'er atone  
For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by;  
Do and dare before you die;  
Something mighty and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time;  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye  
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not! calmly wait;  
Meekly bear the storms of fate;  
Duty be thy polar guide,  
Do the right, whate'er betide;  
Haste not, rest not; conflicts past,  
God shall crown thy work at last.

GOETHE.

*Hallowed Ground.*

WHAT's hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod  
Its Maker meant not should be trod  
By man, the image of his God,  
Erect and free,  
Unscourged by superstition's rod  
To bow the knee ?

That's hallowed ground — where, mourned and  
missed,  
The lips repose our love has kissed :  
But where's their memory's mansion ? Is't  
Yon churchyard's bowers ?  
No ; in ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind —  
And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high ? —  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth ;  
Peace ! independence ! truth ! go forth  
Earth's compass round ;  
And your high priesthood shall make earth  
All hallowed ground.

CAMPBELL.

### Each Day its Toil.

EVERY day hath toil and trouble,  
Every heart hath care ;  
Meekly bear thine own full measure,  
And thy brother's share.  
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden  
Heavy to thee prove ;  
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,  
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring, ever  
Let thy spirit be  
Bound, by links that cannot sever,  
To humanity.  
Labor, wait ; thy Master perished  
Ere his task was done :  
Count not lost thy fleeting moments ;  
Life hath but begun.

Labor, wait ; though midnight shadows  
Gather round thee here,  
And the storm above thee lowering  
Fill thy heart with fear, —  
Wait in hope ; the morning dawneth  
When the night is gone,  
And a peaceful rest awaits thee  
When thy work is done.

BAILEY.

*The higher Life.*

WITHIN thine altar's shade  
We bend the shrinking knee,  
Knowing our weak humanity  
Must strengthened be by thee.  
Better than smoking myrrh,  
Whose perfumed cloud uprolls,  
And seeks the path that should be trod  
By striving human souls ;—

With fear that seems like hope,  
And hope that seems like fear,  
We place thereon a naked heart,  
A penitential tear.  
We know that we are weak,  
We know that thou art strong ;  
Grant us the will to serve the right,  
The power to shun the wrong.

Brothers, bend low to-day,  
To-day learn how to live ;  
Ye've conned the pages of your years,  
And cried, O God, forgive ;  
Now clasp the mystic book,  
And seal it with a seal ;  
With vain regrets for yesterday  
Ye have not time to deal.

The morrow calls, O man ;  
If thou forgiveness hast,  
Thy hands must make that morrow's deeds  
To contradict the past.  
Think well, for all things thought  
Come back to you again ;  
Their shadows flit through every day,  
And make you fiends or men.

Act well ; for every deed  
Will curse you or will bless ;  
Its influence lingers near the soul,  
And makes you more or less.  
Press on in duty's path ;  
Press on to nobler life ;  
Knowing that he who made you men  
Is with you in the strife.

*Life's Work.*

ALL around us, fair with flowers,  
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;  
All around us clarion voices  
Call to duty, stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in  
All the beauty God has given ;  
But beware it does not win us  
From the work ordained of heaven.

Following every voice of mercy  
With a trusting, loving heart,  
Let us in life's earnest labor  
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
Let us work with all our might, ·  
Lest the wretched faint and perish  
In the coming storm of night ; —

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —  
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,  
We, too, mournfully departing,  
Shall have left our work undone.

ANONYMOUS.

### Man's Worth.

Have you seen the eternal mountains nod,  
Living, and a hearkening God?  
What surprises through all nature ran?  
What revolutions but for man?

Yes, then, O man, how great thou art;  
Pay homage with a trembling heart;  
Angels guard no longer dare neglect,  
Lest thyself, affront not God's respect.

Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,  
Gaze and wander there a ravished guest;  
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,  
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.

Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth,  
There, buds the promise of celestial worth —  
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,  
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.

EDW. YOUNG.

No Act falls fruitless.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power ;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life ;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell  
How vast its power may be ;  
Nor what results enfolded dwell  
Within it, silently.

Work, and despair not ; bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be ;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

LONDON INQUIRER.

*Doomed and forgotten.*

DOOMED and forgotten ! These are sounds attuned  
To all the world conceives of misery,  
And drown the heart, as if the last were swooned  
Above us in the sea !

Doomed and forgotten ! By our God forgot ?  
Who noteth e'en the sparrow in his fall ;  
With whom the smallest living thing is not  
For his great care too small.

There was a time ! — O, sad and bitter breath,  
That sighs o'er loss of days no more to be —  
Of actions dropped to dreams, and dreams to death,  
And then — eternity !

O soul, remember, howe'er small the scope  
Of thought, or action, that around thee lies,  
It is the finished task alone can ope  
The gates of paradise.

T. B. READ.

**Our Hearts a Holy Land.**

Is there no guerdon for the brave?  
No warfare for the free?  
No wrong for valor to redress?  
For men no victory?

By childhood's hopefulness serene,  
And manhood's cherished name,  
Let not heroic spirits yield  
Their heritage of fame.

They who most bravely can endure,  
Most earnestly pursue,  
Amid opinion's tyrant bands,  
Unto themselves be true, —

Who own no gage but that of faith,  
And with undaunted brow,  
Turn from the worshippers of gold, —  
These are the heroes now.

In lonely watchfulness they stand  
Upon time's hoary steep,  
And glory's flickering beacon-lights  
For coming ages keep.

Thus bravely live heroic men,  
A consecrated band ;  
Life is to them a battle field,  
Their hearts a holy land.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

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The best Praise.

SPIRIT of knowledge, grant me this, —  
A simple heart and subtle wit,  
To praise the thing whose praise it is  
That all which can be praised is it.

What seems to us for us is true ;  
The planets have no proper light ;  
And yet to subtlest mortal view  
The primal stars are not so bright.

If one slight column counterweighs  
The ocean, 'tis the Maker's law,  
Who deems obedience better praise  
Than sacrifice of erring awe.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## Good Works.

FATHER of our feeble race,  
Wise, beneficent, and kind,  
Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
Flows thy goodness unconfined :  
Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy walks of men,  
Still we trace thy wondrous love,  
Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring,  
At thine altars when we bow ?  
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring  
Whence the kind affections flow ;  
Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye expressed ;  
Sympathy, at whose control  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ; —

Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;  
Love, embracing all our kind ;  
Charity, with liberal store :  
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus the accepted offering bring,  
Love to thee, and all mankind.

J. TAYLOR.

### The World's Morning Fight.

GROWN wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone, —

These wait their doom from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

Take heart! The Waster builds again —  
A charmed life old goodness hath;  
The tares may perish — but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night;  
Ho! wake and watch! The world is gray  
With morning light!

WHITTIER.

*True Length of Life.*

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass ;  
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

"He lived — he died ;" behold the sum,  
The abstract, of the historian's page :  
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,  
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly ; —

To crowd the narrow span of life  
With wise designs and virtuous deeds :  
So shall we wake from death's dark night,  
To share the glory that succeeds.

J. TAYLOR.

### A happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught  
Who serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill ! —

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied to this vain world by care  
Of public fame or private breath !—

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
To crave for less, and more obey,  
Nor dare with heaven's high will contend

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

**Our daily Paths.**

THERE'S beauty all around our paths,  
If but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'midst familiar things,  
And through their lowly guise.

Yes, beauty dwells in all our paths,  
But sorrow, too, is there ;  
How oft some cloud within us dims  
The bright, still summer air !

Yet should this be ? Too much, too soon,  
Despondingly we yield ;  
A better lesson we are taught  
By the lilies of the field.

A sweeter by the birds of heaven,  
Which tell us, in their flight,  
Of one that through the desert air  
Forever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts,  
And bid vain conflicts cease ?  
Ay, when they commune with themselves  
In holy hours of peace.

O, feel that by the light and clouds  
Through which our pathway lies,  
By the beauty and the grief alike,  
We are training for the skies.

MRS. HEMANS.

*Sowing the Seed.*

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
Broadcast it o'er the land!  
Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock!

The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;  
Go forth, then, every where!  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky;  
Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry, "Harvest-home!"

MONTGOMERY.

**The only Grace.**

WHAT'S that which heaven to man endears,  
And that which eyes no sooner see,  
Than the heart says, with flood of tears,  
"Ah, that's the thing which I would be!"

What is't but souls found here and there,  
Oases in our waste of sin,  
Where every thing is well and fair,  
And God remits his discipline?

Whose sweet subdual of the world  
The worldling scarce can recognize,  
And ridicule, against it hurled,  
Drops with a broken sting, and dies.

Who shine like Moses in the face,  
And teach our hearts, without the rod,  
That God's grace is the only grace,  
And all grace is the grace of God.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

**Earnest Life.**

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,  
Heard the solemn steps of time,  
And the low, mysterious voices  
Of another clime ?

Early hath life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
With a deep and strong beseeching, —  
What, and where, is truth ?

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth the inward answer tend ;  
But to works of love and duty,  
As our being's end.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin, —

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and purpose strong,  
In the power of truth assaileth  
Every form of wrong.

WHITTIER.

Why stand ye idle here?

THE God of glory walks his round,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each, with awful sound,  
“No longer stand ye idle here!”

“Ye whose young cheeks are rosy-bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
Waste not of hope the morning light!  
Ah, fools! why stand ye idle here?”

“And ye whose locks of scanty gray  
Foretell your latest travail near,  
How swiftly fades your worthless day!  
And stand ye yet so idle here?”

O Thou, by all thy works adored,  
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,  
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,  
And grant us grace to please thee here!

HEBER.

## Onward.

BREAST the wave, Christian ! when it is strongest ;  
Watch for day, Christian ! when the night's longest ;  
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor ;  
The rest that remaineth will be forever.

Fight the fight, Christian ! Jesus is o'er thee ;  
Run the race, Christian ! heaven is before thee ;  
He who hath promised faltereth never ;  
The love of eternity flows on forever.

Lift the eye, Christian ! just as it closeth ;  
Raise the heart, Christian ! ere it reposeth ;  
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever ;  
Mount when the work is done — praise God forever !

STAUGHTON.

(201)

**Take on!**

Love on! love on! but not the things that own  
The fleeting beauty of a summer day;  
Truth, virtue, spring from God's eternal throne,  
Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay:  
Love them! love them!

Love on! love on! though death and earthly change  
Bring mournful silence to a darkened home,  
Still let the heart rest where no eye grows strange,  
Where never falls a shadow from the tomb:  
Love there! love there!

Love on! love on! the voice of grief and wrong  
Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot;  
Bid the proud bend, and bid the weak be strong,  
And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot:  
Give strength! give peace!

Love on! love on! and though the evening still  
Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noontide sun,  
With changeless trust, with calm, unwavering will,  
Work! bravely work! till the last hour be done:  
Love God! love man!

MRS. CASE.

*The Law of Love.*

POUR forth the oil — pour boldly forth :  
It will not fail until  
Thou fairest vessels to provide  
Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,  
Where they may broadly run ;  
And love has overflowing streams  
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very founts of love for us  
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep  
That blessing from above ;  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have —  
Such is the law of love.

R. C. TRENCH.

**The fraternal Law.**

THY task may well seem overhard,  
Who scatterest in a thankless soil  
Thy life as seed, with no reward  
Save that which duty gives to toil.

Not wholly is thy heart resigned  
To heaven's benign and just decree,  
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,  
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

Released from that fraternal law  
Which shares the common bale and bliss,  
No sadder lot could folly draw,  
Or sin provoke from fate, than this.

The meal unshared is food unblessed ;  
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend ;  
Self-ease is pain ; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end.

A toil that gains with what it yields,  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears, while sowing outward fields,  
The harvest song of inward peace.

WHITTIER.

### Brotherhood.

THE laws of Christian light,  
These are our weapons bright,  
Our mighty shield ;  
Christ is our leader high,  
And the broad plains which lie  
Beneath the blessed sky,  
Our battle field.

On, then, in God's great name,  
Let each pure spirit's flame  
Burn bright and clear :  
Stand firmly in your lot ;  
Cry ye aloud, " Doubt not !"  
Be every fear forgot ;  
Christ leads us here.

So shall earth's distant lands,  
In happy, holy bands,  
One brotherhood,  
Together rise and sing,  
And joyful offerings bring,  
And heaven's eternal King  
Pronounce it good.

E. DAVIS.

*All Men are equal.*

ALL men are equal in their birth,  
Heirs of the earth and skies ;  
All men are equal when that earth  
Fades from their dying eyes.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows  
In courts their hands have made ;  
And hears the worshipper who bows  
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,  
And speaks of high and low,  
And worships those, and tramples these,  
While the same path they go.

O, let man hasten to restore  
To all their rights of love ;  
In power and wealth exult no more,  
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;  
Ye low ! your shame and fear :  
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;  
Your brotherhood revere.

H. MARTINEAU.

Age near to Death.

THOU lookest forward on the coming days,  
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;  
A path, thick set with changes and decays,  
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep.

And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,  
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,  
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age —  
Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

Yet hast not glimpses, in the twilight here,  
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?  
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear,  
A gentle rustling of the morning gales? —

A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,  
Of streams that water-banks forever fair,  
And voices of the loved ones gone before,  
More musical in that celestial air?

BRYANT.

*The Blessing of Instruction.*

O THOU, at whose dread name we bend,  
To whom our purest vows we pay,  
God over all, in love descend,  
And bless the labors of this day.

Our fathers here, a pilgrim band,  
Fixed the proud empire of the free;  
Art moved in gladness o'er the land,  
And Faith her altars reared to thee.

Here, too, to guard, through every age,  
The sacred rights their valor won,  
They bade instruction spread her page,  
And send down truth from sire to son.

Here, still, through all succeeding time,  
Their stores may worth and wisdom bring,  
And still the anthem-note sublime  
To thee from children's children ring.

C. SPRAGUE.

## AFFLICTION.

*The Mercy-seat.*

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

### The Angels of Grief.

WITH silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come,  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb!

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,  
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought;  
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;  
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What he has given;  
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly  
As in his heaven.

WHITTIER.

*Come unto me!*

COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,  
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father;  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were  
taken,  
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,  
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,  
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are  
crowned, —

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling;  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;  
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

ANONYMOUS.

*Resignation.*

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there ;  
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

THE air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
THE heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.

LET us be patient ; these severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

WE see but dimly through the mists and vapors  
Amid these earthly damps ;  
WHAT seem to us but sad funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

THERE is no death ! what seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

LONGFELLOW.

**Broken Ties.**

THE broken ties of happier days,  
How often do they seem  
To come before the mental gaze,  
Like a remembered dream!  
Around us each dissevered chain  
In sparkling ruin lies,  
And earthly hand can ne'er again  
Unite these broken ties.

O, who, in such a world as this,  
Could bear their lot of pain,  
Did not one radiant hope of bliss  
Unclouded yet remain?  
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,  
Who reigns above the skies —  
Hope that unites our souls to heaven  
By faith's endearing ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,  
Is sent in pitying love  
To lift the lingering heart from earth,  
And speed its flight above.  
And every pang that wrings the breast,  
And every joy that dies,  
Tells us to seek a purer rest,  
And trust to holier ties.

**MONTGOMERY.**

**Peaceful Death.**

BEHOLD the western evening light ;  
It melts in deepening gloom ;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.

The wind breathes low ; the withering leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed !  
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast !  
'Tis like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night  
The yellow star appears :  
So faith springs in the hearts of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light  
Its glory shall restore ;  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

PEABODY.



*No Man knoweth his Sepulchre.*

WHEN he, who from the scourge of wrong  
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,  
Saw the fair region promised long,  
And bowed him on the hills to die,—

God made his grave, to men unknown,  
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,  
And laid the aged seer alone,  
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just  
Close the dim eye on life and pain,  
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust  
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled and forgot,  
His servant's humble ashes lie,  
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,  
To call its inmate to the sky.

BRYANT.

**Past and Future.**

**THOU unrelenting past!**  
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,  
And fetters sure and fast  
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

My spirit yearns to bring  
The lost ones back — yearns with desire intense,  
And struggles hard to wring  
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain thy gates deny  
All passage save to those who hence depart;  
Nor to the streaming eye  
Thou giv'st them back — nor to the broken heart.

Thine for a space are they —  
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;  
Thy gates shall yet give way,  
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable past.

All shall come back; each tie  
Of pure affection shall be knit again;  
Alone shall evil die,  
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

BRYANT.

*The Cry of the Afflicted.*

LOWLY and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to thee,  
    Father divine!  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
    Alike are thine.

O Father, in that hour  
When earth all succoring power  
    Shall disavow, —  
When spear, and shield, and crown  
In faintness are cast down, —  
    Sustain us, thou!

By him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
    The thorn, the rod, —  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away, —  
    Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on thee to save,  
    Father divine!  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;  
Keep us, in life and death,  
    Thine, only thine!

HEMANS.

**Nearer to thee.**

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !  
E'en though a cross it be  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
"Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !"

Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, —  
Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee, —  
Nearer to thee !

SARAH F. ADAMS.

## FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

*Consolation.*

FATHER, that in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
Strengthen thy Son, —

O, by the anguish of that night,  
Send us down blest relief;  
Or, to the chastened, let thy might  
Hallow this grief!

And thou, that, when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
“Thy will be done!” —

By thy meek spirit, thou, of all  
That e'er have mourned the chief,  
Thou, Saviour, if the stroke must fall,  
Hallow this grief!

HEMANS.

### Death of a Christian.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
In full activity of zeal and power ;  
A Christian cannot die before his time ;  
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;  
Rest on thy sheaves ; the harvest task is done ;  
Come from the heat of battle ; and in peace,  
Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay  
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;  
And all the ransomed by that narrow way  
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave : — no, take thy seat above ;  
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,  
And open vision for the written word.

MONTGOMERY.

### Ministering Angels.

BROTHER, the angels say, peace to thy heart!  
We, too, O brother, have been as thou art —  
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed, seeing in part,  
Tried, troubled, tempted, sustained, as thou art.

Brother, they softly say, be our thoughts one;  
Bend thou with us and pray, "Thy will be done!"  
Our God is thy God; he willeth the best;  
Trust him as we trusted — rest as we rest!

Ye, too, they gently say, shall angels be;  
Ye, too, O brothers, from earth shall be free:  
Yet in earth's loved ones ye still have part,  
Bearing God's strength and love to the torn heart.

Thus when the spirit, tried, tempted, and worn,  
Finding no earthly aid, heavenward doth turn,  
Come these sweet angel-tones, falling like balm,  
And on the troubled heart steals a deep calm.

ANONYMOUS.

*Lost Ones in Heaven.*

WE have no recollection  
Of any dreams but sweet,  
Yet wake to find our pillow  
Is wet beneath our cheek.  
We look without the window;  
A wreck is on the shore;  
Yet tranquil is the billow  
As on the night before.

When thus, 'mid heavenly visions,  
We rest from worldly strife,  
And have no recollection  
That jars our newer life,  
We yet may mark the traces  
Of storms we have forgot,  
And in our lost ones' faces  
Recall earth's happy lot.

W.

*A Child in Heaven.*

LOVE's very grief is gain ;  
Thereby earth holier grows, and heaven is nigher ;  
Souls that their idols may not here detain,  
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath  
To quench wrath's fever ; and the hungry will,  
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death —  
And the wild mien is still.

No paths of sense may wile  
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road  
Have bays to crown or odors to beguile,  
But — does it lead to God ?

Love, purity, repose,  
Faith cherished, duty done, and wrong forgiven,  
Be these the garland and the staff of those  
Who have a child in heaven !

LONDON ATHENÆUM.

**Go Rest, fair Child!**

Go to thy rest, fair child!  
Go to thy dreamless bed,  
While yet so gentle, undefiled,  
With blessings on thy head.

Ere sin has seared the breast,  
Or sorrow woke the tear,  
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,  
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,  
Thy lip and eye so bright,  
Because thy loving cradle care  
Was such a fond delight, —

Shall love, with weak embrace,  
Thy upward wing detain?  
No, gentle angel, seek thy place  
Amid the cherub train.

ANONYMOUS.

### The Death of a Child.

IN this dim world of clouding cares,  
We rarely know, till wildered eyes  
See white wings lessening up the skies,  
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!  
Shall light thy dark up like a star,  
A beacon kindling from afar  
Our light of love and fainting faith.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,  
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;  
And ready for the harvest-home,  
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;—  
The best fruit loads the broken bough;  
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,  
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.

### Death of a Young Girl.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber —  
Peaceful in the grave so low :  
Thou no more wilt join our number ;  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;  
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us ;  
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. SMITH.

She dwelleth in Heaven.

SHE'S gone to dwell in heaven,  
To see her God in heaven ;  
Thou'rt overpure, said he to her,  
For dwelling out of heaven !

What loveth she in heaven ?  
O, what doth she in heaven ?  
She maketh the songs of angel choirs  
To be more meet for heaven.

By all was she beloved,  
She was beloved by all !  
But an angel's love was stronger yet,  
And took her from us all !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

*Death of the Aged.*

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here ;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which the hills are dressed,  
After the sun's remove.

O holy hope ! and high humility !  
High as the heavens that are above !  
These are your walks, and you have shewed them me,  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just !  
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under thee !  
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## OCCASIONAL.

*The changing Year.*

God of the changing year, whose arm of power  
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,  
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,  
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,  
And pour around the gladdening light of day ;  
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine  
To cheer its hours of darkness, — all are thine.

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,  
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true ;  
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear  
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.

O, lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee ;  
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;  
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine  
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

E. TAYLOR.

### Spring.

THE snow-plumed angel of the north  
Has dropped his icy spear ;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

“ Bear up, O mother nature ! ” cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;  
“ Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee.”

So in these winters of the soul,  
By bitter blasts and drear  
O’erswept from memory’s frozen pole,  
Will sunny days appear.

The night is mother of the day,  
The winter of the spring,  
And ever upon old decay  
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;  
For God, who loveth all his works,  
Has left his hope for all.

WHITTIER.

## Winter.

SAD soul, dear heart, O, why repine ?  
The melancholy tale is plain —  
The leaves of spring, the summer flowers,  
Have bloomed and died again.

Some buds there were — sad hearts, be still —  
Which looked a while into the sky,  
Then breathed but once or twice to tell  
How sweetest things may die.

And some must blight where many bloom ;  
But blight or bloom the fruit must fall ;  
Why sigh for spring or summer flowers,  
Since winter gathers all ?

Sad soul, dear heart, no more repine ;  
The tale is beautiful and plain ;  
Surely as winter taketh all,  
The spring shall bring again.

T. B. READ.

## NEW HEARS.

THE more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages ;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals, lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is vapid,  
Why, as we reach the falls of death,  
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange — yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding ;  
When one by one our friends have gone,  
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness,  
And those of youth a seeming length  
Proportioned to their sweetness.

CAMPBELL.



The closing Year.

How swift, alas! the moments fly!  
How rush the years along!  
Scarce here, yet gone already by —  
The burden of a song.

See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,  
And age, with furrowed brow;  
Time was, — time shall be, — but, alas!  
Where, where, in time, is now?

Time is the measure but of change;  
No present hour is found;  
The past, the future, fill the range  
Of time's unceasing round.

To God let grateful accents rise:  
With truth, with virtue, live;  
So all the bliss that time denies,  
Eternity shall give.

J. Q. ADAMS.

**The dying Year.**

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying to the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going; let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right;  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

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National Prayer.

O, GUARD our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless,  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

Here may religion, pure and mild,  
Smile on our Sabbath hours;  
And piety and virtue bless  
The home of us and ours.

Lord of the nations! thus to thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting friend.

ANONYMOUS.

**Our Ancestors.**

GONE are those great and good  
Who here, in peril, stood  
And raised their hymn.  
Peace to the reverend dead !  
The light, that on their head  
Two hundred years have shed,  
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God  
Rise where our fathers trod,  
Guard well your trust ;  
The faith, that dared the sea,  
The truth, that made them free,  
Their cherished purity,  
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,  
Whose care for sire and son  
All nature fills,  
While day shall break and close,  
While night her crescent shows,  
O, let thy light repose  
On these our hills !

PIERPONT.

The Plymouth Pilgrims.

WILD was the day ; the wintry sea  
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,  
When first the thoughtful and the free,  
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,  
With years, should gather round that day ;  
How love should keep their memories bright,  
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays ; but greener still  
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,  
And regions now untrod shall thrill  
With reverence when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,  
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,  
The children of the pilgrim sires  
This hallowed day like us shall keep.

BRYANT.

**National Anniversary.**

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee —  
Land of the noble free —  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light:  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

### Hope for our Country.

In the long vista of the years to roll,  
Let me not see our country's honor fade !  
O, let me see our land retain her soul,  
Her pride, her freedom, and not freedom's shade;  
From thy bright eyes, O Hope, a brightness shed,  
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head !

Let me not see the patriots' high bequest,  
Great Liberty, — how great in plain attire ! —  
With the base purple of a court oppressed,  
Bowing her head, and ready to expire ,  
But let me see thee stoop, O Hope, on wings  
That fill the skies with silver glitterings !

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star  
Gilds the bright summits of some gloomy cloud,  
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar,  
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,  
Sweet Hope, celestial influence round me shed,  
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

KEATS.

**Thanksgiving.**

O HOLY Father ! just and true  
Are all thy works, and words, and ways ;  
And unto thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise.

As children of thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye, we bend the knee ;  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to thee.

The laborer sits beneath his vine ;  
The soul is glad, the hand is free,  
Thanksgiving ! for the work is thine !  
Praise ! for the blessing is of thee !

WHITTIER.

## Thanksgiving.

WE know 'tis Christ-like to prefer  
God's blessing to that fame of brass —  
As fair as whited sepulchre,  
As foul as dead men's bones, alas !

God's blessing ! what a thought to fire  
The inner rapture of a soul !  
God's blessing ! how it thrills the lyre,  
To make our grateful voices roll !

O God, before thee as we stand,  
Our hearts must know their bitter fault ;  
Amid the plenty of our land,  
We are at best the unsavored salt !

Thanks be to God, the meed of song, —  
Who gives the race not to the swift,  
Nor yet the battle to the strong, —  
Thanks unto God we humbly lift.

**P u b l i c   H u m i l i a t i o n .**

GREAT God, we feel the burden of thine eye;  
We are too faint for voluble despair;  
We lay a hand upon our hearts, and cry,  
“ Dispel the bodings that we cannot bear.”

A people humbled in their round of thought,  
To kneel in abject constancy unloath; —  
We know the tyranny within us wrought,  
And would abjure our fealty unto sloth.

From out the darkness that enwraps the soul,  
We feel the new elixir of God’s breath,  
Laden with aught that dissipates our dole,  
And we drink in the air it softeneth.

Great God, we feel the passion of thine eye,  
We bend our ears to hear thy garments trail;  
Thou tak’st the burden from the fainting sigh,  
And we are sure, O God, our prayers prevail.

W.

Christmas Evergreens.

Lo, the glory of thine hills,  
Glory like to Lebanon,  
Lo, our temple, God, it fills  
In remembrance of thy Son.

'Tis not rite of mystic sort,  
But the power of being, rife  
With the beauty that he taught,  
Tokened in perennial life.

'Tis a heritage divine,  
Cheerful as this wintry green,  
With the vigor of the pine,  
Balmy as its leafy screen.

'Tis a boon we hope to show  
By our smiles and by our tears,  
By our goings to and fro ;  
'Tis the rapture of our years.

W.

**Christmas.**

**CALM** on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there ;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !  
The Saviour now is born !  
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

SEARS.



### Christmas.

HARK ! an anthem in the sky !  
"Glory to our God on high !  
Peace on earth, good will to men !"  
List ! it trebly swells again !

There's a splendor in the sky,  
Radiant in the shepherd's eye ;  
There's a whisper, "Christ is born !"  
Hallow the resplendent morn !

W.

**Christmas.**

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

**HEBER.**

**Baptism of a Child.**

To thee, O God in heaven,  
This little one we bring,  
Giving to thee what thou hast given,  
Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil  
These little feet will roam,  
Where sin its purity may soil,  
Where care and grief may come.

O, then, let thy pure love,  
With influence serene,  
Come down, like water, from above,  
To comfort and make clean.

J. F. CLARKE.

**M**arriage.

FATHER, in thy presence now  
Has been pledged the nuptial vow ;  
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,  
Linked in one thy children stand.

God of love, this union bless,  
Not with earth's low happiness,  
But with joys whose heavenly spring  
Shall diviner raptures bring.

May these blended souls be found  
Firm in duty's active round ;  
Daily every burden share,  
Nightly seek thy shadowing care.

When against their trembling forms  
Shoot the arrows of life's storms ;  
Or when age and sickness wait,  
Heralds at life's parting gate ;—

In the fulness of belief,  
May they look beyond the grief,  
And together fearless tread  
In the path where thou shalt lead.

ANONYMOUS.

## Charity.

WHEN long the soul had slept in chains,  
And man to man was stern and cold,—  
When love and worship were but strains  
That swept the gifted chords of old,—  
By shady mount and peaceful lake,  
A meek and lowly stranger came;  
The weary drank the words he spake,  
The poor and suffering blessed his name.

He went where frenzy held its rule,  
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain;  
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool,  
And by the darkened gate of Nain.  
He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,  
He raised the contrite sinner's head,  
And on the loved one's lowly rest  
The light of better life he shed.

Father, the spirit Jesus knew  
We humbly ask of thee to-night,  
That we may be disciples too  
Of him whose way was love and light.  
Bright be the places where we tread,  
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,  
Until that day when tears are shed,  
And broken sighs are heard, no more.

E. H. CHAPIN.

### The Death of Marigrs.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
Their ashes shall be watched,  
And gathered at the last :  
And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath ;  
Yet vain is Satan's boast  
Of victory in their death :  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one availing name.

LUTHER.

**Thanksgiving for Peace.**

God is our refuge and our strength,  
A very present help in need ;  
No longer will we therefore fear,  
Though mountains to the sea be borne.

There is a river, streams whereof  
Shall glad the city of our God ;  
The Lord is in the midst of her ;  
Right early shall he help her up.

The Lord of hosts is with us now ;  
He maketh wars to cease on earth,  
He breaketh both the spear and bow,  
The chariot burneth in the fire.

The Lord of hosts is with us now,  
The God of Jacob is our help ;  
Exalted be his name on earth ;  
And know ye all, that he is God.

PSALM XLVI.

**Peace on Earth.**

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The sounds of war grow fainter, and then cease;  
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, Peace!

Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

(252)

# Tunes for Congregational Use.

(253)

## Old Hundred.

Choral.

This musical score is for a choral setting of 'Old Hundred'. It consists of four staves, all in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final cadence on a whole note. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and repeat signs.

## Hamburg.

This musical score is for a setting of 'Hamburg'. It consists of four staves, all in F major (one flat) and 2/2 time. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final cadence on a whole note. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and repeat signs.

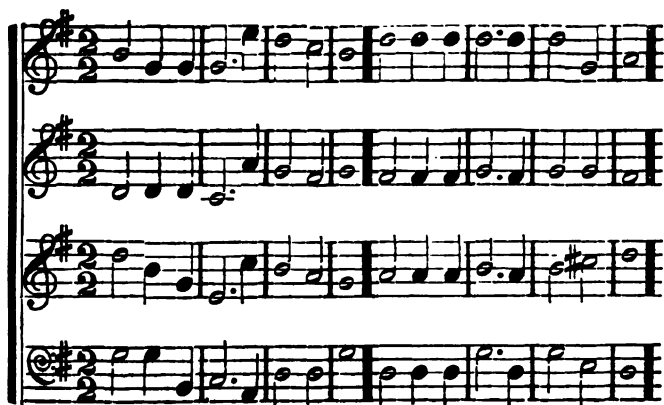
X. M.



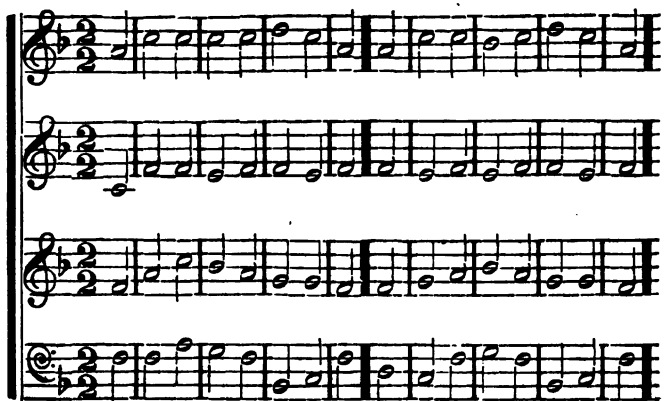
X. M.



# Harnden.



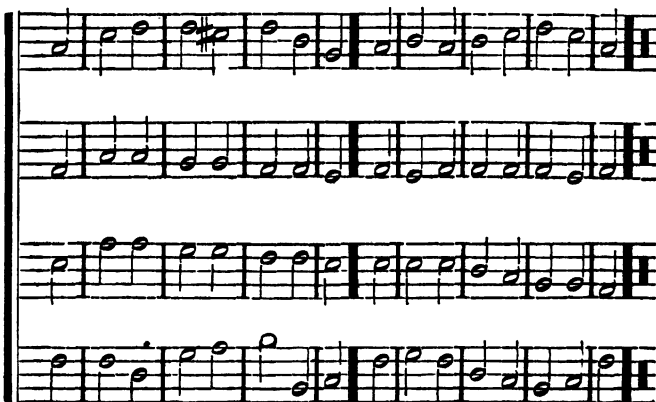
# Hornes.



# I. II.



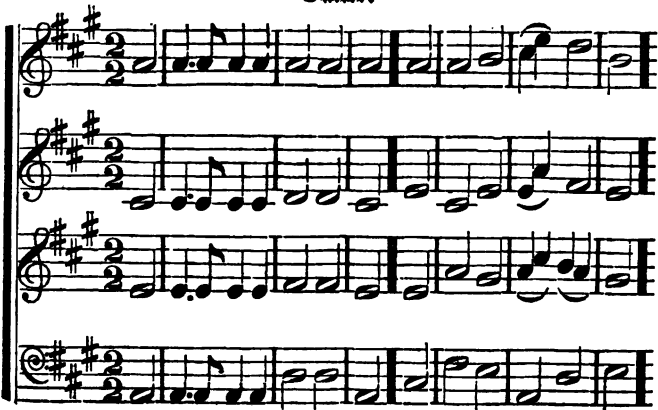
# I. III.



Obid.



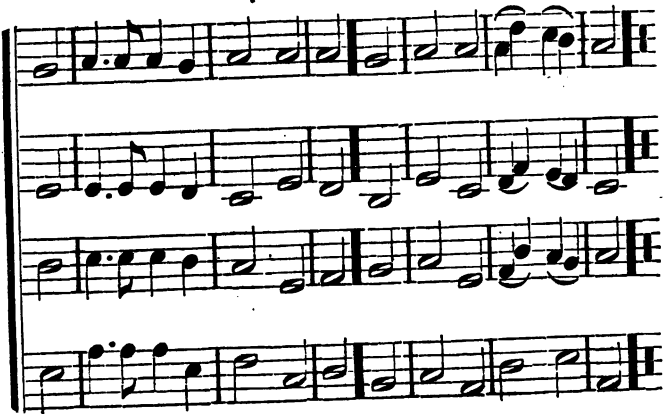
Cutler.



F. M.



G. M.



# Christmas.



C. III.



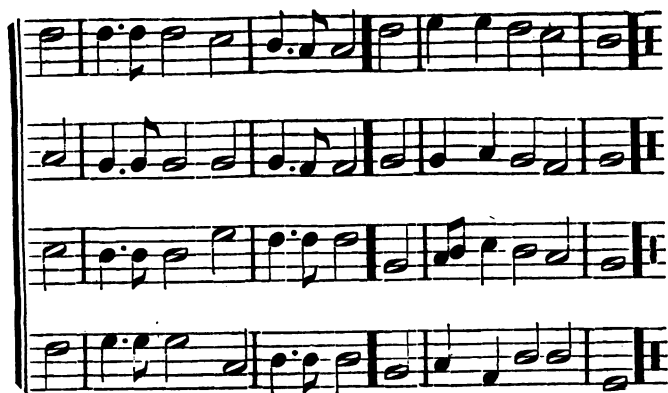
# Arlington.



# Burder.



C. M.



C. M.



# Peterboro'.



# Mornington.



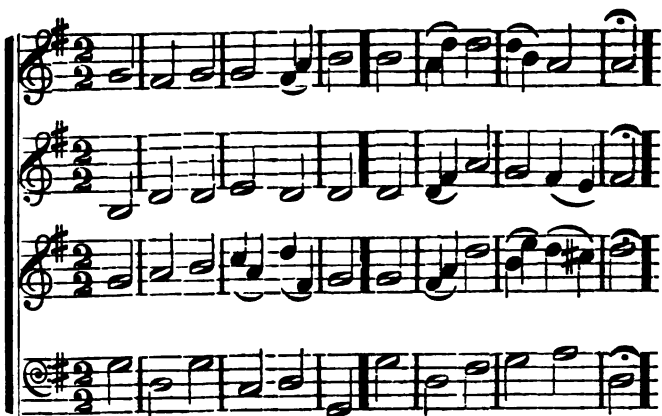
C. M.



S. M.



# Spirland.



# Carle.



S. M.



S. M.



Beethoven.



Kindley.

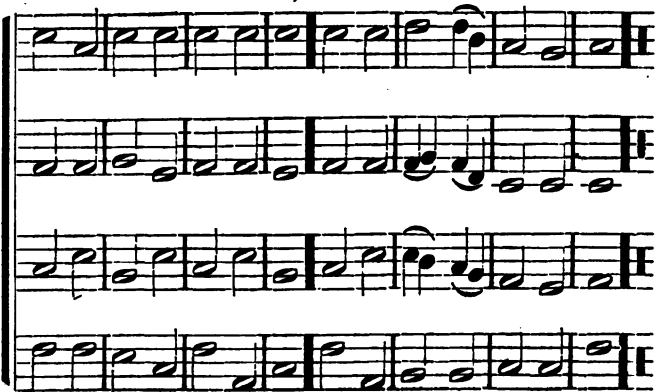
*Cantabile.*



S. M.



78.



Eds.



**Sicilian Hymn.\***



\* Or six lines, by repeating last two lines.

78.



88 & 78.









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